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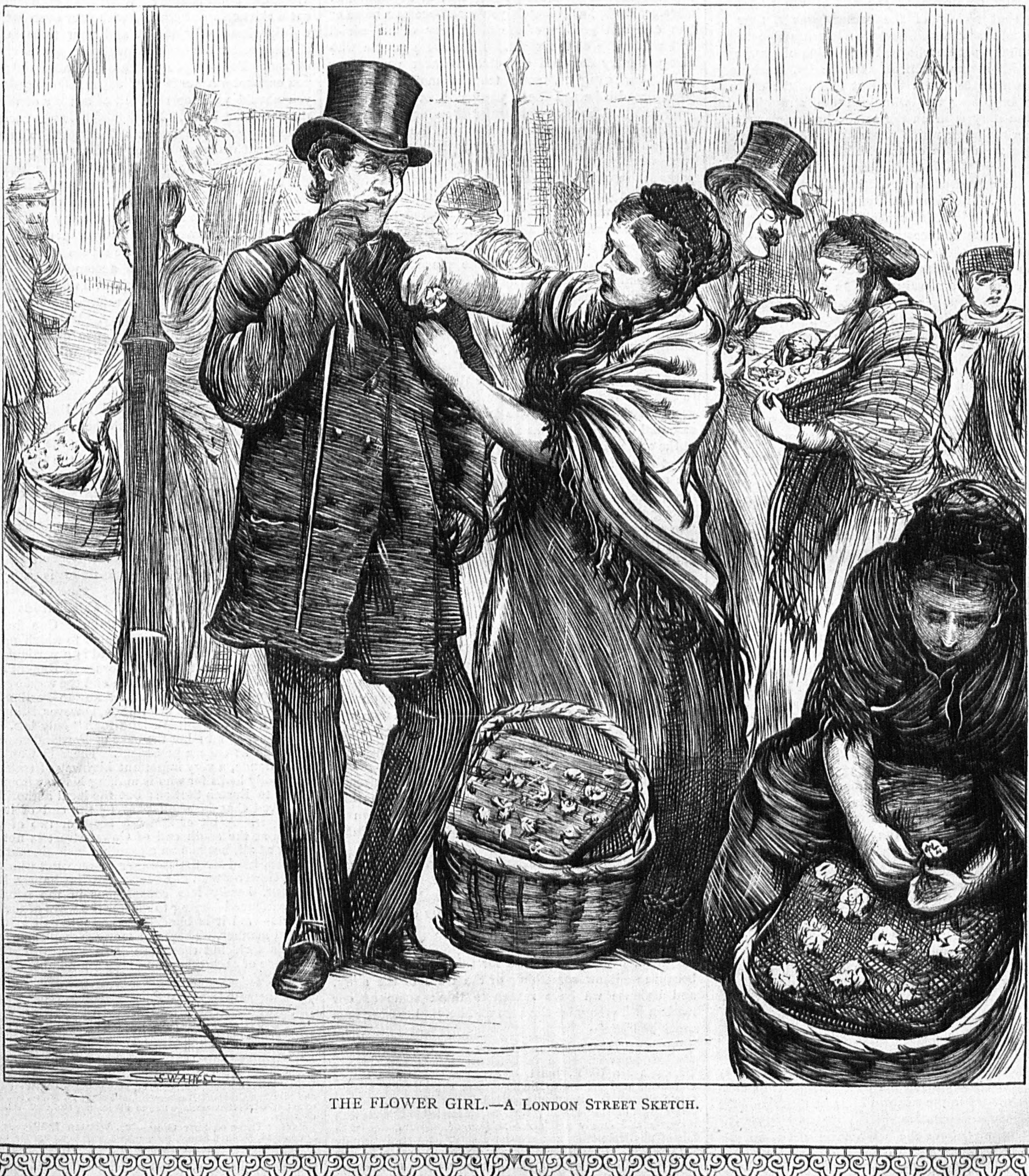


THE FLOWER GIRL.—A London Street Sketch.

A NEW BASIS.

Few people realise how much depends upon statistics. For the last four or five years we have been groping very much in the dark in this country. Our social and political calculations have been founded upon imperfect data. We have not known with sufficient accuracy for the purposes of safe deduction where the population was increasing, and at what rate; nor where the numbers were diminishing, and how fast. These are days when changes take place very rapidly, and we want note of them without waiting too long. What are the differences made during ten years in the occupations of the people, in manufacture, in agriculture, in navigation? The cotton famine began just after the last census; what are the consequences upon this branch of industry after nine years? We had to remark in 1861 upon the decrease in the number of persons engaged in the tilling of the soil, and generally in the inhabitants of rural districts. That was a fact almost by itself at the time; comparison of the period with that of ten years earlier could not afford exact conclusions, for the conditions were novel. In 1851 many agencies had hardly begun to operate which grew strong between 1851 and 1861, and have gone through a thorough course of development since. After this census we shall be able to measure results which could not well be estimated before, for want of the proper elements of comparison and contrast. If we look closely to the history of this century we shall find that a strong line of division may be drawn at the end of the first fifty years. That moiety of the century was a time of initiation and transition. Seventy-one years ago there were not many people who had any notion of progress, or any faith in improvement. Practically, machinery and steam were to come: the first half of the century saw the beginning and witnessed the struggle. In politics the story is much the same: by one party and by another the work which separates modern political conditions from those of the Middle Ages has been mainly accomplished in the nineteenth century, and the opening half experienced the battle without seeing much of the victory. The second half of the century is marked by a settled, steady belief in the new order of things.

These are circumstances which render a comparison of the census of 1861 with those which went before of less value than will be its consideration in relation to the one for which we are waiting. The old parallels are interesting, no doubt, almost beyond measure. For historical, psychological, and speculative purposes, the figures of the population returns from 1801 till 1861 are rich in suggestion. But for commerce, for manufacture, for the resolution of social problems, the figures that are to come are full of rare promise. For the most part the objects for which we are now labouring and scheming were not fairly set before us twenty years ago. The work we are doing was only then commencing. We cannot tell what advance we have made, and we do not know how to estimate the obstacles which still lie before us till we get the promised returns.

Hardly a better example can be quoted of the crying need of the new census than that presented in the reports of health and the rate of mortality. It is almost entirely since 1861 that the Government has systematically watched the health of the people and moved local authorities in that direction. Previously the business was done in a very indifferent and imperfect fashion. Since then the public has been supplied with frequent official reports, but the results want the exactness which would be derived from abundant means of comparison. The past yields data so imperfect as to vitiate our latest conclusions. The Registrar-General, in his quarterly returns of births, marriages, and deaths, estimates the population in the towns and districts upon the average increase or decrease of former periods. There never was a ten years, perhaps, in which that calculation would be more delusive. From 1851 to 1861 was an exceptional time in one way; from 1861 to 1871 has been exceptional in others. Totally different sets of influences have been in operation in the last decade from those which marked the first, and they have put their stamp on the population, upon industry, and upon the habits of the people affecting health and life in every part of the country.

We begin, therefore, in nearly all our political and social problems, as from a fresh starting-place after the census of 1871. The data will be the best and most trustworthy for the purposes of the politician and the statist of any that have hitherto been possible. Some theories will be upset, and some others which stand now on an apparently shaky foundation will be established. Towns which consider themselves healthy will discover that a wrong assumption as to population has misled them, and they will be constrained to remedy local evils which have been winked at. Other places which may have laboured without much encouragement will meet with their reward in the removal of some mistake in the roll of estimated population.

One moral we believe the new census will point. It will, we think, appear that once in ten years is not often enough to count the population of this country. Too much hangs by the figures to permit us to remain in uncertainty of mind with regard to them. We do so much daily, not in imperial affairs only, but in local business, in trade, and even in our private concerns, basing our actions either directly upon the last census—on estimates and guesses made from it, or on other statistics which can only stand or fall by the correctness of the decennial returns—that we must have the figures verified more frequently. We predict with confidence that after the census of 1871 we shall not stand by for another ten years waiting for new returns, building upon guess work, and making blunders by reason of incorrect official statistics.

OUR LONDON NOTE-BOOK.

Familiar Faces.

It does not much matter where you come from, you cannot spend a few hours in London without recognising a familiar face. All the world comes here, and you will meet every friend you have in the world, and every enemy, sooner or later. The metropolis is the place of places to awaken reminiscences. Go and settle down in any other part of the country, away from well-known scenes and among new people, and you form associations altogether dissimilar from anything in your past experience. The present is real; the past is but a memory and a vision. But take your place in the great city, and the conditions are not the same. You do not, for many a long day at least, become a part of the population. Down in Newcastle, say, or Plymouth, at Chester, Derby, or Norwich, you soon become a more or less essential portion of the machinery of the social and public life of the place. There were people who met you every day and expected to meet you. Your gait, your swagger, your tasteful mode of dress, your broad-brimmed hat, your nod of recognition, your habitual halt at this print-shop or that bookstall, were a part of the life of the town and streets. There were certain meetings from which you were never absent; there were platforms, perhaps, on which you mounted; your name was apt to get into the papers. When you left that northern or southern or western city you broke a good many ties, and people missed you, and you have had to write and receive letters thereafter. And more than that, the broken ties somehow affected the place from which you withdrew. There was a gap in the surface of the stream of the town's life, and a little skurry of the waters, and things did not afterwards go on quite as they did before. Are these desirable conditions of things? If they are, you ought not to throw in your lot with the Londoners. How can you hope to have anything to do with the rough or smooth running of the surface of the waters in the life of the great metropolis? There are some mighty men who are essential to the continuous flowing in the same direction, at the same rate, and after the same mode, even of this great river, but they are few, and when they go down the ruffle lasts but a moment. So as we walk through these streets and move about in these public places, among the unending throngs, we are all more or less "in the place, but not of it," and an old familiar face from the country does not startle us. The meeting is natural and half expected. You encounter a friend from Dover. Since you left him in the old Kentish port you have spent some years in Shrewsbury or Cumberland. Had you met him in those days the meeting would have been an event in your life. You would have been excited and thrown for the moment off your track. Now you take his coming across you as a matter of course. You are not less genial, let us hasten to say, not less hospitable, not less pleased at the chance which has brought you face to face once again with your old acquaintance; but you have a feeling that he and Dover are quite an ordinary part of your daily life, just as are Norwich and Shrewsbury and Chester. You have moved into the centre of a circle on the circumference whereof lie all the places you have lived in; and all the country people you have known are often in your thoughts, and seem to form a part of your ordinary life.

The London correspondent of the *Hereford Journal* is quite of our way of thinking and feeling. The reflections that arise in our mind in walking through London streets, and in stumbling across old acquaintances are reflected in his mode of introducing the following interesting incident, and in every line of the narrative. We quote it not for this reason only, but because we know something of the truth of the story, and because we have reason to think some of our readers will recognise the hero and be glad to hear thus much of him:—

> "It is said that sooner or later you meet everybody whom you ever knew anywhere in London. Fourteen years ago I knew a Mr. W. E. Jones, of Swansea. He was a timber merchant, and joined to literary taste considerable ability. Some commercial disappointment led to his leaving Swansea. After great difficulties and privations, he landed in Canada with his wife and family and *three-halfpence!* Courageous, with lots of physical power and natural ability, he wrestled firmly with fortune. I heard quite casually six years ago that he was 'getting on.' Yesterday I met him, where you meet everybody, in Fleet-street. He had come to England on a mission from the Quebec Government. He is the senior magistrate of Richmond, the proprietor of two newspapers, and in a contest for a seat in the Canadian Parliament he was only defeated by five votes. You will probably have a visit from this British colonist. He is a Special Commissioner of Emigration for the Government of Quebec, and the leading paper of the Canadian city says he is a brilliant speaker, a capable man, and a sterling patriot."

Under the Night Bell.

Mrs. Gamp, it will be remembered, was rather slow to answer to the call of the night knocker. Numerous heads were out of window, to the right and to the left and over the way, but her room was for a long time voiceless and apparently headless. It is a sore trial to put human nature to—that of arousing the human animal from his sleep and compelling him to enter upon a dialogue out of window. It is a hardly less severe probation to the poor wretch outside, who wants to make known the exigences of his condition. It may be assumed that it is no common matter that induces him to call up a fellow creature in the dead hours of the night, and the probability is that it is a topic which will not very well bear shouting about in the streets. A remedy for these painful difficulties has been set to work in this wonderful metropolis. While the postmen are agitating for letter-boxes the doctors have begun spontaneously to adopt speaking tubes. Passing through an important street in this city, you will read in very plain characters on a door plate "Dr. Æsculapius." Over the fanlight is a blazing red lamp. In the jamb is a "Night Bell," and under the bell appears a small circular orifice, inscribed underneath: "Speaking Tube." What can be so simple? What is so excellent? Without a shirt collar or cravat, with your overcoat buttoned tightly round your throat and your trousers perhaps slipping under the heels of your boots, you hurry off to the doctor's. Perhaps you pass a night cab-stand; possibly you encounter a "crawler;" or the fates may decree that you should walk or run, full of anxiety of mind about the patient at home. Be thankful for what science has done for you at the doctor's door-post. You ring. A voice reaches your ear as if from the centre of the earth. You put your mouth to the orifice and whisper the state of the case, insisting upon its urgency. Policemen, and street brawlers, and unsleeping neighbours hear not the message, but every syllable strikes upon the tympanum of the half-reluctant man of medicine. Without getting out of bed he settles the preliminaries with you. Your mission is accomplished. You may return, and the doctor will follow. Is not this an example to be heeded? Here is a reform we suggest to the profession in town and country. It is a plan that so commends itself to the convenience of both doctor and subject that we cannot think it will wait long for universal adoption.

The Ends of Great Streets.

When the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, in connection with the taking of the census, shall have sufficiently impressed upon the Town Councils and Local Boards of Health in the provinces the necessity for naming their streets and numbering their houses, there are a few things of a similar character in London which will be none the worse for his attention. We do not say the houses of the metropolis are without numbers, or that the streets and alleys are any of them nameless—though we think that London is far from perfect in either respect—but there is a system of deception in the naming of the ends of some important streets and roads which leads to great difficulties and numerous mistakes. One fault of the sort just amended suggests others to which no remedy has been applied. Portland-road is a particularly well-known straight cut from the corner of Regent's-park to Oxford-street. At its southern end the wayfarer will see written up "St. John-street, leading to Portland-road," the former part of the inscription, however, being marked out, and the words "Portland-road" only left. That is well done, so far; but the case of Portland-road should be made at once a precedent. There is Gower-street, for instance, a very important highway of traffic, which everybody looks for who is making his way from Oxford-street to Euston Station; but the local authorities have contrived that he shall pass by the end of it without seeing it. A bit of street a score or two of yards in length at the south end of Gower-street is not Gower-street at all, but has an altogether insignificant name of its own, hard for the stranger to recollect who wants to find Gower-street. Baker-street is hardly less important, hardly less conspicuous in the mind of the inexperienced—trying to master the ways of the London streets—and it is blinded at the south exit in the same stupid manner. There are many examples to be found of this sort, but these are on a line, within a short distance of each other, and they are notable cases.

Caution against the Use of Poisonous Hair Washes.—Dr. Chandler, Chemist to the Board of Health, New York, found of fifteen Hair Restorers analysed that all contained lead; the public should, therefore, use those preparations only that are harmless and do not dye the hair. Fowler and Sheppard's Bay Rum is the best of these. All should use this charming wash, it cleanses and cools the head, prevents scurf, and promotes the growth of the hair in a marvellous degree; for children it is invaluable; no nursery or toilet should be without it. As a lotion it surpasses Eau de Cologne or Toilet Vinegar. Direct from the proprietors, Fowler and Sheppard, Chemists, 51, Hollywood Road, West Brompton, and 36, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; 4s. 6d. bottles carriage free to all railway stations. Also from all chemists. [294

Patent Teeth on Soft Gums.—Mr. William J. Watson, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

NOTES ON BOOKS.

THERE certainly *must* be "a pleasure in poetic pains which none but poets know," for although volumes of verse are passed over in scores unheeded alike by the public and reviewers, the *quantity* is certainly on the increase. Many an ambitious youth has wasted years over a book of poems, the combined press notices of which have perhaps been simply a tribute to the printer and the binder. The acknowledged poets of a century may be counted on your fingers, and even these shall not be conspicuous for strict morality or profound learning. What, then, makes a poet? Moral men are not necessarily poetical, and learned men are very often the most prosy of human creatures. The art of poetry cannot be acquired by any laws of verse, seeing that the writers of productions of this class could not write true poetry to save themselves from perdition. Rich men with leisure and means have given their whole time to poetry, and have basked in the sunny grandeur of southern climes for inspiration, and found it not. Let them remember Keats, who was not learned in Greek, yet into whom the charms and secret power of Grecian song passed like a living fire. He never left the smoke of London till he went away to die, and yet his lines are the very breath of flowers, teeming with sylvan loveliness and beauty. Poetry is a pearl, as hard to find as the philosopher's stone. Lords and gentlemen of high social distinction have given years and years of life in search of this pearl without avail—

"Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn lords into bards."

"What is poetry and who are the poets?" is a subject that needs inquiry and discussion in "these degenerate days." There is not a poet living that has not been reviled and declared to be no poet at all.

Everybody will go to the Highlands this summer. The Lorne marriage will make the northern land more popular than ever. One of our shrewd and watchful *littérateurs* has done "The Land of Lorne" in a handsome book; the British tourist will be sure to follow the author. Inverary Castle will be a popular show house. Books on the northern land will be much in request. We have before us a *brochure* which ought to come to the front during this Scottish excitement; it is "The Cruise of the *Ringleader* Canoe" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), by one of our most enterprising canoeists, Mr. Inwards. The author gives a very entertaining and interesting account of his experiences on the Scotch lochs. He started by rail from London to Inverness, and thence navigated his boat down Loch Ness and the Caledonian Canal to the sea; then into the lakes on the western coast, and finally to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. It was a glorious cruise, full of excitement and adventure, and rich in scenic beauty, heightened by grand historical associations. Mr. Inwards writes with the feeling of an artist. Here is an example from a few pages on Loch Lochy which will be specially interesting just now:—

> "After passing Letterfinlay one passes some fine old headlands on the southern shore of Loch Lochy, and a man may get, with little trouble, plenty of quiet shelters from the west winds prevalent in autumn. The great points on the south and Arkaig's fine bay upon the north shore, the varied lines of great hills beyond the dark mile, with the distant masses of Ben Nevis and his Lochaber neighbours in the background, render the landscape at the lower end of Loch Lochy at once pleasing and impressive.
>
> "Here Ben Nevis was seen from the *Ringleader* for the first time; his great rocky sides and head, blue by distance, varied by snow streaks, and unattended by the usual collection of clouds. Paddling inshore a trifle, I came upon a beautifully-secluded nook, where a mountain stream ran into the lake. Rocks, perhaps forty feet high, formed a good screen, shutting out the rough water and keeping off all wind. A careful paddle of fifty yards forced my canoe from the open loch to a wild mountain glen, with rocks, trees, and water, still and eddying, in the place of a great lake, with its huge wave-washed headlands and long white streaks of spray and foam. Upon the map this stream is nameless, but the place is well remembered on account of its varied beauties all so closely packed. Heather-covered boulders studded the stream from fall to mouth, and between these the canoe stole noiselessly over the smooth water to a place where the grandest groupings were massed; and there, amid wondrous rocks, with branches sweeping over the stream, birch leaves above, trembling in the sunshine, and the great grey natural walls surrounding all, I enjoyed the calmest hour of my windy passage between Inverness and Banavie. One always leaves these pretty little bits of seclusion regretfully, but Fort William, which was to be reached by post time, being still a dozen miles away, I had to push on. As it was, my sojourn in this beautiful glen had been long enough to admit of changes for the worse outside, and on regaining the loch I found the head of Ben Nevis was no longer visible, as it and all the surrounding hill crests were shrouded by clouds. Rain and wind were about again, and the *Ringleader* experienced a tumbling time in her passage over to the western point of Arkaig Bay. Coasting thence for a mile, we reached at Garelochy the last lock between Inverness and Banavie, over which the canoe was carried, and I commenced the only piece of dull paddling on the route. Ten miles to Banavie along a canal against a dead head wind, with no scenery to cheer one, was not a pleasing prospect; in fact, I do not know a more heart-breaking undertaking, unless it be driving home a plain-looking lady, who has nothing to say for herself, ten miles on a dark night, over a bad road, and behind a horse decidedly averse to going.
>
> "The only gleam through that dreary afternoon was this: going doggedly along, I met a handsome Highlander, kilted, plaided, and bonneted, of whom I asked, 'How far is it to Banavie?' Getting for an answer, 'Well, let me see, I consider it four miles precisely, exactly, aboot.'
>
> "Thanking him, I settled down to another windward fight, reaching the locks safely about six o'clock, after a paddle of more than twenty miles dead to windward."

Our readers may accept this little sketch as supplemental to our picture of last week, "Lighting the Bonfire on Ben Nevis." We heartily commend Mr. Inwards's little work to canoeists in particular, but generally, also, to everybody who takes a delight in lake and river scenery.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

A STREET SKETCH.

AWAY from towns and cities, Spring makes her first appearance in the fields. The grass puts forth young shoots. Trees glow with promised buds. There is a fresh, earthy smell from fallow ridges. Green spikes of young wheat make long faint streaks on the brown uplands. Light flitting shadows come and go athwart the meadows. The lark is heard overhead, as if carrying a grateful message from earth to heaven. The brooks run merrily along their pebbly channels. All the land is stirred with new life. There is promise of Summer flowers in every sunny breeze. Spring comes in the country with sweet breath, and hopeful whisperings. She endorseth with her radiant wand the Bible promise of a resurrection.

The countryman wonders what the Londoner knows of Spring. I reply that the cockney's associations with the vernal season are almost as vivid as those of his rural brother. Spring is heralded in London by the tailor and the milliner. "Spring Goods" come in with the first sunbeam. The London sparrow no sooner finds a handful of dust to roll in than "Easter Excursions" are announced by the railway companies. But Spring in the great brick-world of London is especially full of hope and promise. The sensation, it is true, is different to the rural feeling. It is akin, nevertheless. Spring in town means the opening of the season. It means that the "gay time of the year" has come round again for those who are rich; it means flirting and intriguing; it means courting and marrying; it means political jobbery and tuft-hunting on a large scale; it means musical parties, concerts, opera, picture exhibitions, balls, routs, a crowd in the Row. For shopkeepers it means increased trade; for crossing-sweepers and beggars it means more coppers and warmer nights; and it means a blue sky, up above the miles of brick upon which the clouds have rested during many weary months of winter.

Glorious in the country, Spring is hardly less pleasant in London. The first indications of the return of nature's hopeful season are to be seen in the streets. They almost make one's heart ache with memories of past days and hopes of what is to come. The earliest signs of Spring are the flower-baskets of the women who sell those dainty "button-holes" in the City and at the West End. You have seen violets in Covent Garden during the winter; they have not stirred your memory much, for you know that they are forced and unnatural; but the first basket near Piccadilly-circus, or in the City, is full of gladness. How placidly the snowdrops and violets repose on the green moss. Your mind wanders back straight to shaded nooks and corners of the old days. And when the primrose comes, how rapidly the cowslip of your boyhood springs up and claims the tribute of a passing sigh for days that can never return. The somewhat faded beau in the picture —the gentleman with the tasselled cane—I wonder if he was a boy once in the western land. He has evidently strolled down the sunny side of Piccadilly, and is bending his footsteps towards Leicester-square, where he will lunch presently and perhaps think of the primroses that he gathered in the hedge-rows forty years ago. The finniken old boy with the eye-glass is cast in a mould of less sensibility. His intentions are adornment. He has visions of past seasons when he was a "killing" swell in the Row. With a fresh flower in his coat he will imagine himself young again. Poor old boy, let him do so by all means. I do not object. I remember one night, a few years ago, parting with a friend who had just left a party of other dear old boys, one of whom had suggested in as blithe a chirrup as he could command, "Now, boys, let us fancy we are all young again." It was Thackeray who made this daring proposition, and he tried to play the juvenile part; but the past would grow up and fling a shadow over proposer, seconder, and supporters.

Disraeli, in likening hansoms to gondolas, turned the London streets into rivers. The idea is too far fetched; but it tempts me to see the river banks through the nosegays of the modern flower girl. These portable mossy baskets plant the wilderness of brick and stone with primroses, and violets, and daffodils, and I hear the sound of the river in the distant hum of the streets.

"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

I often wonder, when the night comes on, and the devil lights his garish lamps near that same Piccadilly-circus, whether the flower girl and her basket ever excite tender, gentle thoughts in those sultry haunts of sin and shame. For at night the baskets bloom afresh, and often with rarer flowers than violets and primroses—exotics that have never felt the pure breath of heaven on their fragile leaves. The victim lavishes upon Circe these rare heat-forced blossoms the outcome of artificial nourishment, weakly plants that will be withered and dead on the morrow, leaving not even the memory of their unhealthy beauty in a halo of perfume—true emblems of the hot and poisonous light that glows in the syren's bowers, symbolising also her hollow and artificial passion.

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and sail-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things."

JOSEPH HATTON.

"BUILT TO SELL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

SIR,—Let me induce you to warn house-buyers to be careful before they part with sterling gold for new-built airy fabrics, which hardly resist a gale of wind—structures which often fall down before completion, but are saddled with long leases, strict repairing covenants, and heavy ground-rents. Since the pulling down of so many ancient buildings in the City, Westminster, Borough, Shoreditch, Somers Town, and Clerkenwell, for railway and street improvements, the old materials have been freely used in the suburbs, so cleverly concealed by the aid of new facing bricks, new thin floor-boards, plaster (mud), paint, and showy paper-hangings, as oftentimes to dupe the most cautious purchaser, who, alas, very soon discovers that bad party walls, thin window glass, cracked window arches, sinking foundations, stopped drains, leaky roofs, shrunk wood-work, shaky floors, falling rotten plaster, rising damps, smoky chimneys, vermin, and other evils, sadly try his patience and purse—in short, he discovers that it would be a saving at once to pull down and rebuild his new property rather than to be at a continual expense for costly repairs.

For many years past I have been almost daily amongst speculative building estates in every part of London, and know the operations of needy builders, who run up dwellings which, if viewed in carcase, the abominable materials, combined with the slight, rapid scamping and unskilful workmanship, at once show that they were meant only "to let and not to last," that they are merely contract-built edifices by "slop builders."

As dilapidations are incessant, no landlord can accept low rents for "sale houses." I entreat both tenants and owners to ascertain with strict care and searching inquiries—

1st. That the house and garden walls are not built on made soil where the gravel has been dug out and sold.

2nd. That it has deep concrete foundations.

3rd. That all the materials are new, and the bricks sound hard-burnt stocks, well banded in lime mortar.

4th. That no iron chimney-bars, supporting the arch, are absent, that the chimney flues are plastered, and the slates good, and fixed with copper (not iron) nails.

5th. That the drainage is distinct and separate, properly connected with the main parish sewer.

6th. Test the strength of joists, quarterings, lintels, rafters, purlins, sills and sill-heads, thickness of doors, floor-boards, shutters, panelling, skirtings, shelvings—in short, quality and quantity of timber used. It is frightful to view how slight houses are timbered with white deal and scantily nailed.

7th. See whether the grates, locks, ironmongery, blinds, and other fittings are of the cheapest description, unfit for wear.

8th. That it has a trap-door fire-escape to roof.

9th. Avoid zinc gutters, cisterns, flats, &c., as zinc is a very temporary material. Insist upon lead or stone cisterns, sinks, &c.

10th. If the parish has not taken the road, have money security for its cost from seller.

11th. Find out if it is an estate where any scamping is allowed to create heavy ground-rents and lawyers' leases.

12th. Investigate the title thoroughly. Beware of needy or bankrupt vendors and improved ground rents.

Lastly. Insist upon a warranty (legally drawn up) with full specifications attached, subject to penalties if false. Have the warranty before paying deposit or purchase-money.

In conclusion, let me declare that my picture of modern houses might have been presented in much worse colours, as every district surveyor or workman can easily certify, and no doubt many will do so in reply to this brief epistle on a sad fraud of the age, viz., "built to sell" dwellings.—I am, Sir, your obliged reader,

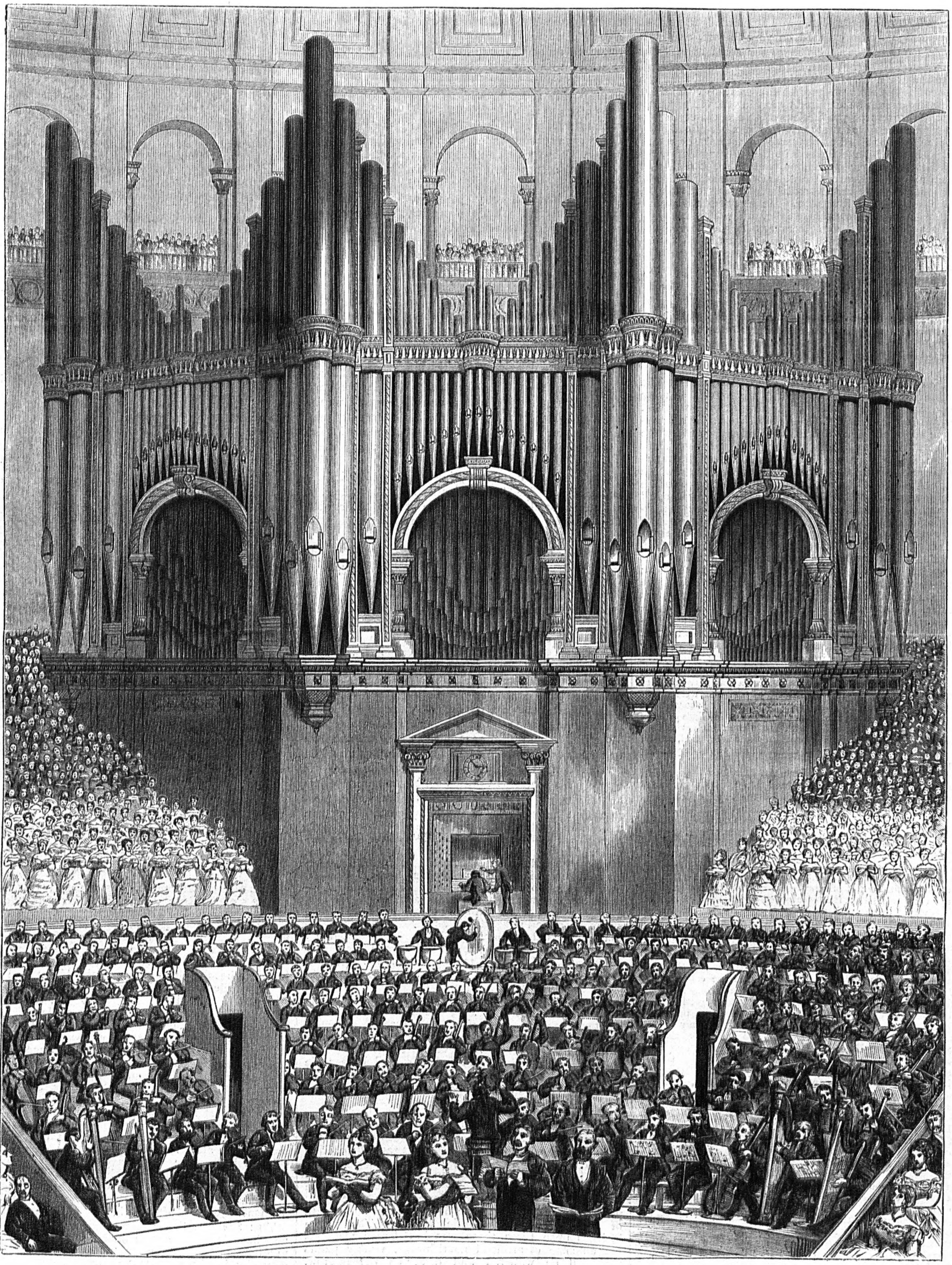
WM. PERCY TRUEMAN.

3, Maryon Villas, Green Lanes, N., March 20, 1871.

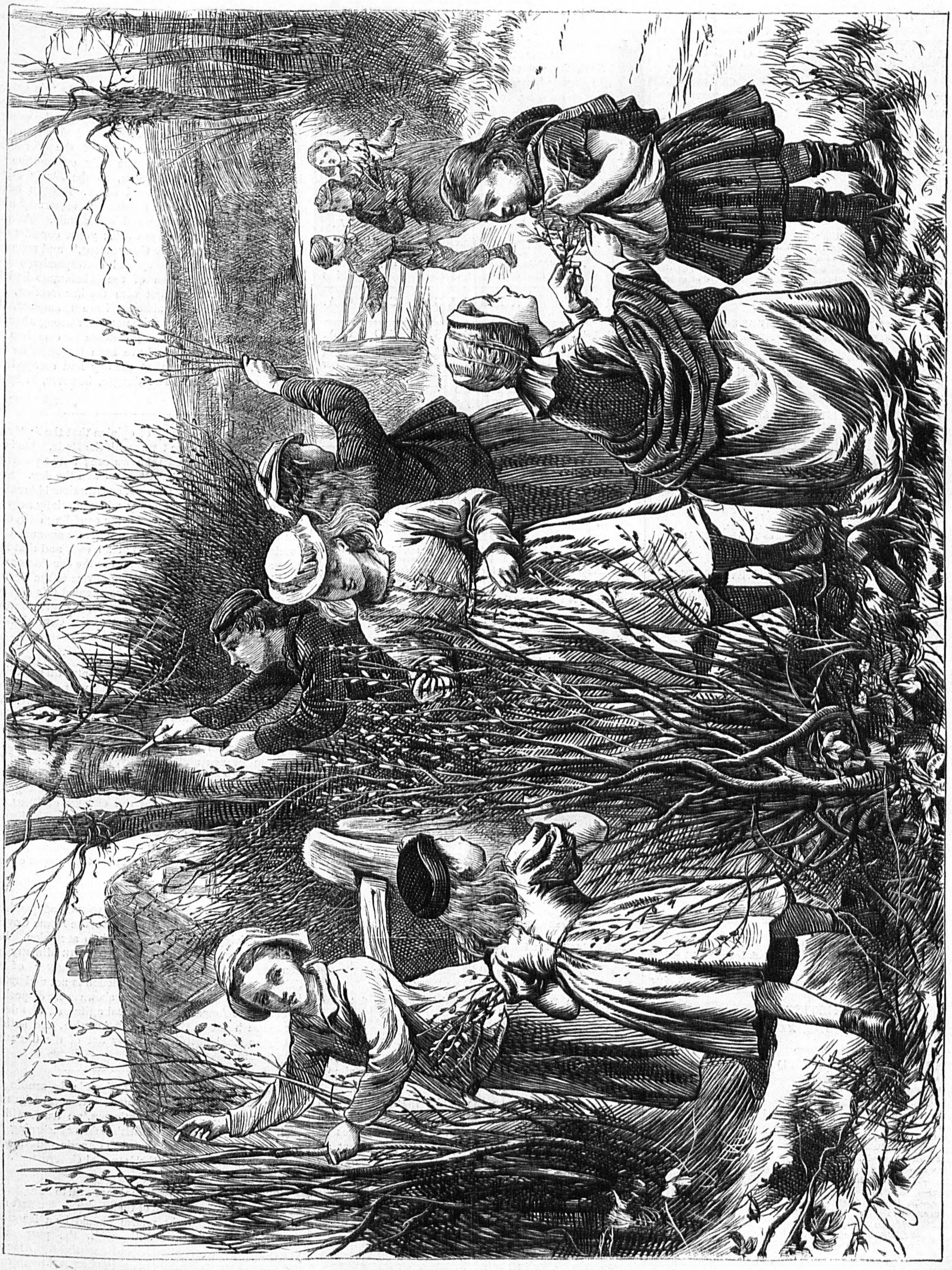
THE GREAT ORGAN AT THE ALBERT HALL.—The opening of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences by the Queen took place on Wednesday, the ceremony being a most imposing one. Although in ancient days there were buildings covering a larger area than the Albert Hall, we do not read that they were ever able to put roofs on these colossal buildings. It was even believed that the plan for roofing the Albert Hall would result in failure, but it is now accomplished, and with all safety to the public. The great organ, which is the subject of our picture on page 44, is a noble and striking feature in the Hall, notwithstanding the vast proportions of the building, which more or less dwarf all the objects within it. Ranged around the giant instrument are the orchestra and chorus, the latter comprising more than a thousand vocalists. This monster instrument from side to side measures sixty feet, the height being nearly seventy feet. There are about 9,000 pipes, the largest being two feet in diameter and forty feet high. The case admits of the fullest possible view of the pipes. The general design appears somewhat castellated in style, with arches opening up vistas of pipes like colossal bars. The pipes have a silvery appearance, the remainder of the structure being of a deeper colour. The principal singers at the opening ceremony were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon-Rigby, and Mr. Santley.

THE Sheffield School Board have resolved almost unanimously that the Bible shall be read and explained in all schools under the conduct of the Board, but no denominational teaching is to be allowed.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—For the cure of debility, biliousness, liver and stomach complaints, this inappreciable medicine is so well known in every part of the world, and the cures performed by its use are so wonderful, that it now stands pre-eminent above all other remedies, more particularly for the cure of bilious and liver complaints, disorders of the stomach, dropsy, and debilitated constitutions. In these diseases the beneficial effects of the Pills are so permanent that the whole system is renovated, the organs of digestion strengthened, and a free respiration promoted. They expel from the secretive organs and the circulation the morbid matter which produces inflammation, pain, fever, debility, and physical decay—thus annihilating, by their purifying properties, the virulence of the most painful and devastating diseases. [42



THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: THE GREAT ORGAN, ORCHESTRA, AND CHORUS.



GATHERING PALMS.—AN EASTER PICTURE.

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Take one teacupful of Pearlina, steep it in one cupful of milk for an hour, then add half-a-cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter lb. of suet, two ounces of orange peel, quarter lb. raisins, quarter lb. currants; add two eggs, well beaten up, then a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and the same of ginger; tie in a bowl or cloth, and boil for three hours.

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"Mrs. Andrews has united simplicity with neat phrasing, the very perfection of ballad music."—VANITY FAIR, February 18.
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"It is exceedingly pretty, and the mazurka-like form of rhythm imparts a peculiar piquancy."—COURT CIRCULAR, February 18.
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London: DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

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This day is published in cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH. By JOSEPH HATTON, together with Mark Lemon's last Song, his revised text of Falstaff, and Portrait in Costume. (Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine.*)

"Mr. Hatton's interesting reminiscences of Mark Lemon."—*Illustrated London News.*

London: WM. H. ALLEN & Co., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W. [337

NOTICE.

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Prize Medals: London, 1862; Dublin, 1865. [334

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For preventing and removing all disorders of infants, and bowel complaints in adults.
Royal Appointment, dated 22nd February, 1844.
Established nearly a Century. [335

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TOPHAM'S PATENT POTATO PEELING AND WASHING MACHINE. Six pounds of Potatoes Peeled and Washed within one minute! To be seen in operation daily at the Factory, 3A, Coleman Street, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. [322

H. WALKER'S QUEEN'S OWN NEEDLES. [336

WOOD ENGRAVING.—Mr. GILKS begs respectfully to announce his REMOVAL from Bedford Row to 11, KING'S ROAD, BEDFORD ROW, Gray's Inn, W.C., London. [330

NOTICES.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

FROM March 18 until July 1 the rate of charges for Advertisements will be:—

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⁂ ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., pre-paid.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

ON APRIL 8TH will be issued with "THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,"
A Splendidly Executed Lithographic Picture in Tints,
OF
THE WEDDING CEREMONY,
Printed on fine Plate Paper, for Framing, 22 inches by 30,
CONTAINING
PORTRAITS FROM LIFE OF THE ROYAL PARTY AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS GUESTS,
From a Sketch by a Distinguished Personage.
Price of Paper, with Supplement, 6d.

⁂ To prevent disappointment it is absolutely necessary that orders should be given early in advance. The work would have been issued this week, but large orders coming in late it has been deemed best to postpone it until our next paper.

A FEW words by way of introduction to this New Series of the *Illustrated Midland News*—we might almost say to this new paper.

We have already shown the public that an illustrated newspaper can be produced for threepence. The encouragement which we have received induces us to go a step further. We mean to prove that an illustrated paper *equal to the best pictorial journals of the day* can be produced for THREEPENCE. The present number may be taken as an earnest of our sincerity.

We will share the profits of our undertaking with our patrons. A large increase of circulation shall be continually met by an increased expenditure in the production of our pictures. Acting upon this principle, we believe that in a few months THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be the most popular work of its kind ever produced.

These are bold words. We shall act up to them; and as we merit public favour, we trust the measure of our deserts may be meted out to us. With which hope in the future, we combine our very hearty thanks for kindly consideration and support in the past.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, APRIL 1, 1871.

THE news from Paris is satisfactory to this extent. There has been no more bloodshed. Even the Red Republicans seem to have been influenced by the general outcry of horror at their sanguinary inauguration of the new rebellion. The conduct of the Versailles Assembly is inexplicable. The only explanation of the inactivity of M. THIERS is, as the *Daily News* correspondent puts it, instead of M. THIERS being master of the situation, the situation is master of him. The elections in Paris passed off calmly. A vast majority of the people did not vote; yet a considerable number responded to "the Government," and recorded their votes. One of the special correspondents says that a very large section of the inhabitants had no sympathy whatever at first with the insurrection, but now that the Red Republicans have triumphed, the remark is made that they were not so far wrong after all, and that Paris really had a grievance to complain of. All differences seemed to have been forgotten for the moment in the delight that the city had escaped the horrors of civil war. The danger, however, is by no means past.

M. THIERS is evidently of opinion that the Assembly will be enabled to make terms with the Reds. He is, of course, better informed than we are; but at present it looks very much as if the Reds had won the day. Such ostentatious but hollow shows of constitutional liberalism as the proclamation of Sunday will materially help the "Central Committee" among the confiding citizens of Paris. The dictators of Montmartre announced on Sunday that their mission was at an end, and that they were about to give up their places to the candidates who would be elected that day. Some advice to the electors to guide them in their choice accompanied this declaration. The result, so far as it goes, is, of course, favourable to the Commune, and most of the Central Committee retain their seats.

WHILE the present state of uncertainty still prevails in Paris, the German legions halt and wait. The peace, however, is being celebrated throughout Germany. We publish our first picture of these happier incidents of the war this week. The scene is in the fine old town of Leipzig. As an outside spectator of what is taking place in France and Germany, the sensations of the EX-EMPEROR of the FRENCH must be a curious mixture of humiliation and disappointment, not altogether devoid of hope. He visited the QUEEN of ENGLAND on Monday, and many persons think that the disturbances in Paris are in his interest. His partisans believe that he will be back in Paris as Emperor before July. It must be confessed that they build their hopes on very slender foundations.

THERE is a growing feeling in favour of independence on the part of Canada. The policy of the Home Government is driving the loyal colonists into secession. It is generally understood that the GLADSTONE Ministry will concede all America requires in the matter of the fisheries. Unfortunately this question is not understood in England. The Canadians have shown every disposition to conciliate America, but political agitators, who desire a rupture between England and America, see nothing but intentional hostility in every act of the Canadian Legislature.

WE are glad to learn that Canada is sending to England some of her leading men to promote emigration from this country. These gentlemen, we trust, will do their best to enlighten the British public concerning the questions at issue not only between Canada and America but between Canada and the Imperial Government.

CERTAIN leading daily journals are said to be agitating for a three days' copyright of their news. The first step in the way of copyright reform should be a league of American and English authors for the purpose of obtaining a law of international copyright. America can never hope to build up an important literature of her own, so long as the market is flooded with pirated editions of our best English authors. To say nothing of the gross injustice done to English writers and publishers, the present freebooting system must have a bad effect upon the moral character of the States. The formation of a league in the interest of English authors and American morality would, we cannot help thinking, have a good effect upon the Transatlantic mind.

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE *Athenæum* says Mr. E. T. Poynter in all probability will be appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art in the London University.—Mr. E. M. Ward will probably send to the Royal Academy two pictures. One represents the arrival of Anne Boleyn at the Tower previous to her trial; the other a new version, or reproduction, of a design which was recently exhibited by Mr. Ward, and represents Goldsmith's failure as a physician. Mrs. E. M. Ward's picture represents a Swedish visitor to the Court of Frederic William of Prussia, prophesying the good fortune which will attend the aggressive life he foresaw for Frederic, afterwards Frederic the Second of Prussia.

ANOTHER statue has now been placed in Westminster Hall, viz., that of Charles II., sculptured by H. Weekes, R.A. The seven statues were intended originally to occupy niches which had been prepared for them in the Royal Gallery in the Palace of Westminster, but when the first was sculptured it was found that the statue was too large to be placed in the niche made to receive it.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT'S book on pauperism will be published in a day or two.

THE "Grammar of the Sindhi Language, as compared with the North Indian vernaculars," compiled by Dr. Trumpp (now employed upon the translation of the Sikh *Granth*), is, says the *Pioneer of India*, being printed at the expense of the Indian Government at Leipzig, and may be expected in the course of the next two or three months.

"MR. MORRIS," observes *Figaro*, "has translated three Sagas from the Icelandic. Saga-cious man!"

M. VICTOR HUGO and family have arrived at Brussels.

THE Milanese sculptor Benzoni, celebrated for his works in terra cotta, is dead.

THE *Edinburgh Courant* is advertised for sale, the transfer to include goodwill, premises, plant, and book debts. The advertisement states that the *Courant* was established in the year 1718, under the editorship of Daniel Defoe, as an evening paper; but it has for a long period been published in the morning, and since 1860 has had both a daily and semi-weekly issue.

MADAME LUCCA created a *furore* in Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" at Berlin.

A NEW version of M. Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" is to be the Easter attraction at the Adelphi. It is by Mr. Halliday, and Mr. Fernandez, now in Liverpool, is to play in it.

MR. CALVERT'S production, "Timon of Athens," at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, is well spoken of.

A PARTY of workmen have been performing miracle plays in the villages of Yorkshire. The strangest fact about their performance is, that they are mostly Congregationalists, and that at a late performance their stage manager was a Roman Catholic priest.

A NEW comedietta, by Mr. Thayer Smith, author of "A Happy Pair," will shortly be produced at the Court Theatre.

MADAME PATTI has been playing *Ophelia* in the "Hamlet" of M. Ambroise Thomas, and *Juliet* in M. Gounod's opera. Madame Patti was to sing at Moscow in three concerts, at the close of the St. Petersburg Italian opera season.

"WE understand," says the *Daily News*, "that the eminent picture auctioneers with whom Sir Robert Peel had arranged for the sale of the works of art ultimately offered to the nation, estimated the sum which they would probably fetch at £120,000, or nearly double the sum at which they have been purchased by the State. It is said to have been at the suggestion of Lady Peel, the widow of the illustrious statesman, that this generous proposition, involving a large pecuniary sacrifice, was made."

BY a system of express parcels and a free use of the telegraph wire, the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, since the commencement of the present session of Parliament, has been enabled to give from four to five columns daily of the Parliamentary debates of the previous night. The *Gazette*, we are informed, is the only daily paper in the midland counties which can place such an extended debate before its readers every morning. A staff of five reporters are at work at every sitting night in both Houses of Parliament to furnish the above-named journal with the reports now given in its columns, and this entirely independent of the telegraphic reports, which employ an equal number of reporters. Two points are gained by this arrangement—1, Accuracy, as the reports come direct from the reporters' hands; whereas, to send by telegraph, the report has to pass through at least three hands. 2, Sufficient length to set forth the importance of debates, as by the time the last despatch by parcel leaves by train from London—nine o'clock—the most interesting portion of the night's debate (Ministerial answers and statements, notices of motion, &c., &c.) is over. It may also be noted, as a remarkable fact, that the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, by this plan of reporting, although published over one hundred miles from the Houses of Parliament, has been enabled since the commencement of the session to give as extended reports of the proceedings in St. Stephen's as the *Daily Telegraph*, which is published in London.

CELEBRATION OF THE PEACE AT LEIPZIG.—On page 57 we give an illustration of the peace rejoicings at Leipzig. The joyous population have assembled in the principal square, where a tremendous figure, with the Prussian eagle at its feet, stands in a blaze of light, and holds aloft the wreath of peace. Flags flutter from the windows of nearly every house, and all the streets are bursting with brilliant illuminations. If *peace* is always to be honoured after *war*, we hope it may be long before our artist is called upon to make another sketch at such a celebration.

"PRINCE VON SCHONHAUSEN."—It is stated that the new title of Count Bismarck will be Prince von Schönhausen.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

CLAREMONT AND ESHER.

IN this week's number, we present our readers with two engravings in illustration of the Royal Marriage, viz., the mansion of Claremont, and a sketch, taken on the wedding morning, at the village of Esher, where high holiday was kept by the villagers. The street along which the bridal party passed was profusely decorated. The finger-post at the corner, near the new church porch, was disguised by a triumphal erection, representing an ancient market-cross, forcibly recalling the drinking-fountain at the corner of Great George-street, Westminster, and covered with evergreens interspersed with artificial flowers. Red, white, and blue pennons and shields displayed at the angles, and from the top floated also a long pennon. From this spot, up the length of the street through which the Princess and the Marquis were to drive, up to the village green, pennons floated from poles erected at each side, displaying a variety of devices, among which were the cognisance of Argyll, the cross of St. Andrew, true lovers' knots, a heart pierced by an arrow, the red cross of St. George, &c. Some of the shields bore two L's, united by two rings; others, various cognisances or armorial bearings. The triumphal arch was surmounted by two handsome and striking medallions of the Princess and Marquis, her Royal Highness the Princess Louise having sent a portrait herself for the model of the former. The gateway at Claremont was hidden with evergreens and flags, and on either side of the Long Drive were ranged high poles, crowned with streamers and festooned with wreaths. The school children were feasted, and Lord St. Leonards invited a party of about forty aged people to dine at Boyle Farm. The Marquis and her Royal Highness were presented with an address, and then hastened on through Church-street, which leads from the village green to the corner of Claremont-lane. The whole of Church-street had been converted into an avenue of fir trees, decorated with flags and other devices, and at the old stack tree the Royal carriage was again stopped as it approached a really magnificent triumphal arch, which formed only a portion of an extensive system of rural adornment to which the parishioners of Esher had liberally contributed. The "greens" on either side of this arch were filled with a numerous and brilliant assembly, and the arrangements for the occasion, conducted under the supervision of a committee, of which the rev. rector was chairman, appear to have been altogether of a very satisfactory character. The Royal carriages having halted, Miss Constance Wigram, the daughter of the High Sheriff of Surrey, presented her Royal Highness with a bouquet, and at the same moment the band of the 2nd Royal Surrey Militia played the National Anthem. The Royal carriages then set forward again, as the bells of St. Nicholas's Church rang out a merry peal, and a few minutes' further driving brought them to Claremont House, where the noble Marquis and his bride were received by Mr. Ewin Macdonald, the steward of the Claremont estate. Esher was crowded with visitors. So great was the influx, indeed, that the London and South Western Railway Company were obliged to run extra trains. A limited number were admitted into Esher Park, where a second triumphal arch spanned the drive traversed by the *cortége*. The arch had been erected by the occupants on the estate. The Esher arch first mentioned was designed by Mr. F. J. Williamson, who moulded two splendid medallions at his own expense, twice the size of life, of the noble Marquis and her Royal Highness, which were placed in the spandrils of the arch. The effect of the whole composition was extremely pleasing. On either side were the arms of England and of Argyll, surmounted by monograms containg the letters "L. L.," garnished by flags and wreaths of roses.

Claremont, which for the present will be occupied by the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, is the property of the Crown, and is situate near the little Surrey village of Esher, being about sixteen miles from London. The park, which adjoins a large common, is about three miles and a half in circuit. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and contain a fine display of trees, amongst which is a lake covering five acres of ground. A small Gothic building, originally intended for a summer-house, is now known as the Mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte. The house was built for Lord Clive at a cost of £100,000 just a hundred years ago. The building is of brick with stone dressings. The arms of Clive are inscribed above the portico. The mansion that first occupied this site was one built in the reign of Queen Anne by Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatist. His residence, however, was of a very humble character, being nothing more than a small brick house, which was bought by Holles, Earl of Clare (from whose title it was named Claremont), and afterwards by the Duke of Newcastle. To the westward he erected upon a mount a castellated prospect tower, and made great improvements upon Vanbrugh's building. Kent, a fashionable landscape gardener, laid out the grounds, which were much admired by Horace Walpole. After the decease of the Duke of Newcastle Claremont was purchased by Clive. In 1774, after Clive's death, the newly-built mansion passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Rose Ellis, a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, who wrote some of his poems here. The place then became the property of the Crown, and was settled on Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and her husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, afterwards the King of the Belgians. The Princess died here in November, 1817. In the mansion are preserved several memorials of her, portraits of her husband and herself, her friends and tutors, and pictures of her favourite horses and dogs. In 1848 the place was put at the disposal of the exiled Royal family of France by the late King Leopold, to whom it then belonged. King Louis Philippe and his consort ended their days here. It has since returned into the possession of the Crown.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

DR. FERDINAND HILLER has, it is reported, consented to write a grand march for the opening of the International Exhibition on May 1, and will personally conduct its performance.

A TELEGRAM has been received from M. Raphael Felix by a contemporary, stating that he was neither killed nor wounded at the massacre of the Place Vendome, as has been stated in the papers, and that on the 13th of April he intends to open the Lyceum with the artists of the Vaudeville Theatre of Paris.

IN consequence of her serious illness Madame Parepa-Rosa's *début* at the Royal Italian Opera will be postponed. Her medical advisers have ordered complete rest and change of scene.

MADAME PATTI, who has achieved so marvellous a success in Russia, has, says the *Siècle*, imitated some of the diplomatists of that hospitable country by announcing that she no longer considers herself bound by a certain treaty into which she had entered to appear at the Italian Opera in Paris on the 15th of this month, for which she would have received the trifling sum of 4,000 francs a night.

M. JULES BENEDICT, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, and Dr. Elvey, in consideration of their distinguished services in connection with music, are to be knighted.

THE *Era* says it is definitely arranged that a celebration of Shakespeare's birthday shall take place at Stratford-on-Avon, on Monday, April 24th, and probably be extended over the following day. The details are not as yet completed, but the leading feature on the Monday will consist of a grand banquet at the Town Hall.

MR. REECE is writing another burlesque for the Royalty. *Figaro* says it will be "as Reece-onable as usual."

MR. ALFRED WIGAN reappears at the Gaiety on the 8th of April.

THE *Court Circular* says a new farce, "The Two Romeos," is in rehearsal at the St. James's.

MR. J. S. CLARKE has arrived in England from America.

MDLLE. BEATRICE has engaged Miss Ada Dyas for her Provincial Dramatic Company.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S "Jezebel" has been performed at Chicago.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Gilbert is writing a new piece for the Haymarket, in the style of "The Palace of Truth."

THE *Musical Standard* says that Mr. Carl Rosa has signed an engagement with Madame Vanzini for a six months' season of English opera in the United States next autumn.

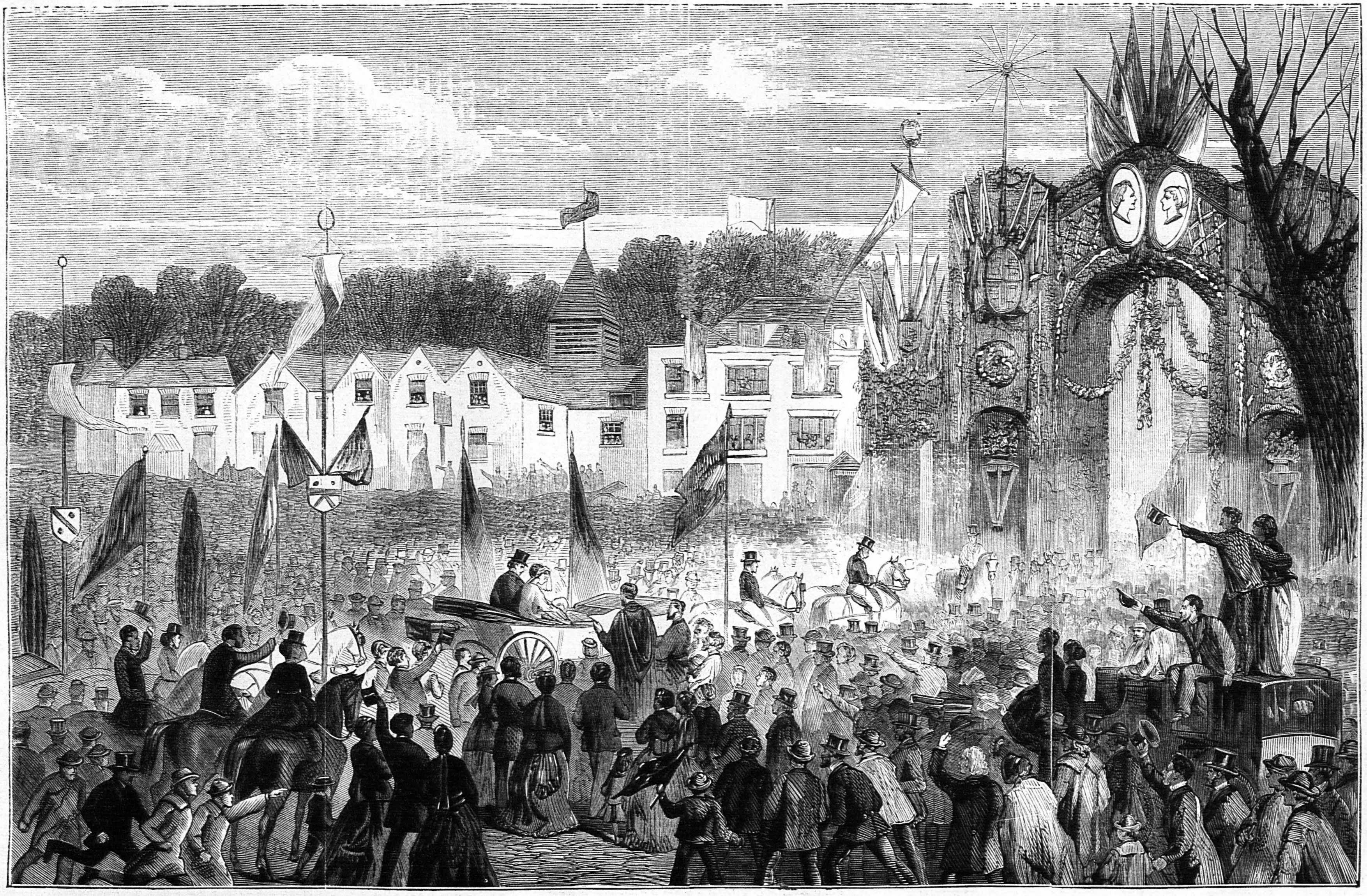
MR. MONTAGUE'S benefit will take place at the Vaudeville Theatre on Wednesday next.

MR. CHARLES DILLON'S daughter, Clara, is just married.

AN important action, having reference to dramatic copyright, has been heard at Liverpool. Mr. E. L. Levy, the plaintiff in the case, was formerly a solicitor, having an office in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London, and he brought this action against Mr. Thomas Theodore Heath, proprietor of the Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, to recover damages for a breach of copyright, the defendant having placed upon the stages of the Colosseum and Adelphi Theatres two plays, entitled respectively "The Soldier's Progress; or, The Horrors of War," and "The Two Polts," the copyright and right of presenting which had been assigned to the plaintiff by the author, Mr. John Courtenay. The plaintiff purchased the copyright of the plays in question in March, 1863, from the author, who has since died, for £10, and the defendant made use of them last year, without his permission. The defendant, in reply to interrogatories, had admitted that he had put the plays on the stage, and that the profit of their representation amounted to about £8 15s. Jacob Harvey, of London, surveyor, proved the assignment of the pieces to the plaintiff, and stated that he was one of the witnesses. In cross-examination, the witness said that the plaintiff had been concerned very much with theatricals. Witness did not know how many actions of this kind he had brought. He believed this to be the first assignment he had been called upon to prove for Mr. Levy. He might have witnessed one or two in Mr. Levy's office. He did not know Mr. Courtenay, except through seeing him at the office. Mr. Levete, formerly clerk to the plaintiff, said he was present when the assignment was signed. Mr. Courtenay was not a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society. The plaintiff was in court. Mr. Russell, on behalf of the defendant, submitted that the plaintiff must be nonsuited. There was no evidence, he said, of any property in these plays being possessed by Courtenay, the supposed assignor. Again, the exclusive right in plays was limited to forty-two years, and there was no evidence that these plays were not published at a date which would have brought about the expiration of that period. It was for the plaintiff to prove that they were not. Another objection was that the assignment had never been registered, as required by the 22nd section, 5 and 6 Victoria. His lordship, after hearing arguments on these points, said he must direct a verdict for the defendant, giving the plaintiff leave to move, unless the plaintiff would submit to a nonsuit, which he advised him to do. The plaintiff elected to be nonsuited.

RIOTS AT BUCHAREST.—Serious riots have occurred at Bucharest, in consequence of the celebration by the German residents of the Emperor's birthday. The hall in which the Germans were assembled was demolished by the mob, and several persons were wounded.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately: it is perfectly harmless: it produces a natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Sold by all medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. [694



THE ROYAL WEDDING: FESTIVITIES AT ESHER.

THE LANDSMAN'S YARN.

I WAS once a passenger on board an emigrant ship, amongst whose crew were some half a dozen of the most inveterate yarn spinners it has ever been my lot to meet with. Rarely a night passed but a little party of passengers were to be found amongst the listeners on the forecastle, as those men sat with their messmates and told of the wonders and the dangers of the sea. In almost every tale the narrators had figured personally, and had come off with flying colours against tremendous odds, or exhibited unexampled skill and intrepidity in situations wherein all the powers of nature had seemed to be combined against them. Their messmates listened sometimes with only a bad grace to the wonderful stories which made them—poor unimaginative men as they were—seem such quiet, sober, work-a-day sort of sailors; still they always did listen, and although a general suspicion existed that there was a good deal of what was called "slack-jaw" in these tales of the forecastle, they continued to be popular, and when a story fell somewhat flat, because it was not sufficiently primed with the exciting and the miraculous, it was spoken of contemptuously as a "land-lubber's yarn," until the following incident occurred.

The evening's sitting had been marked by a rather more brilliant display of forecastle fiction: the sea-serpents had been many fathoms longer, the pirates many degrees more bloody-minded than usual, and the applause had been accorded with a proportionate increase of vigour. Amongst the listeners was a quiet, dull-looking young man from the steerage, and when one of the sailor story-tellers hinted, half-tauntingly, that landsmen could not possibly have any experiences worth relating, he quietly affected to consider their tales as rather commonplace, and offered to tell one on the spot which should be as interesting, as wonderful, and as true as any that had been related that night. Of course the challenge was accepted, and he began:—

"I was once a workman in a lead-pencil manufactory in Cumberland, and it was part of my duty to sleep in the building at night. The factory stood in a lonely place on the banks of a stream which drove the machinery by means of a powerful water-wheel. In the daytime the place was busy and populous enough, but at night, when the wheel was stopped and the hands had left, it was as quiet a spot as could be found for many miles. For this reason none of us liked the job of sleeping at the factory, and it was also thought by most of us that it was unnecessary, as it was considered in the last degree improbable that any one would be tempted to rob such a place, where was little to steal besides the materials used in the trade. However, the governor was firm, and, as I was a young man with no home of my own, I took the job in hand, and agreed to sleep in the factory for one year. A bedroom was fitted up in the counting-house, and I managed to make myself passably comfortable. I usually turned in about ten o'clock. One night, before going to the factory, I had taken a cup of coffee, which kept me awake for hours after I was in bed. It was in early spring, and the air was still. I could, as I lay, hear the water rushing over the weir in the bank of the mill-stream, and dribbling through the mill-race—sounds which had often lulled me to sleep, but now seemed to confirm me in my wakefulness—till I had half a mind to get up and walk about the premises. It must have been two o'clock in the morning when I at last dozed off. I had apparently but just closed my eyes when I started up suddenly. I knew not why, but, feeling certain that I had been roused by an unusual noise, I raised my head and listened. Hearing nothing, I was about to dismiss my fears and lie down again, when I fancied I heard a shuffling of feet and a sound of whispering voices on the other side of the panel. I soon found that I was right, and, quietly getting a light, I partially dressed myself, seized a large bowl of water, and opened the door. I should tell you that my room opened on a small landing upon which the door of another room also opened, and a steep staircase communicated with the lower part of the factory. I shall never forget the sight which met my eyes on that landing. There were no fewer than four strong, brawny fellows, armed with immense bludgeons, with pistols stuck in their belts, and with blackened faces. In fact, in a good deal less time than it takes me to tell you so, I made up my mind that I had put my foot into a nest of burglars.

"The rascals were evidently surprised, for they were engaged at the moment in making an examination of the lock of the other door, and they consequently looked up suddenly and shrank back a little.

"This movement decided my course, and, without giving them time to consider or to recover their position, I dashed the bowl of water full in their faces, and made a drive at the head of the burglar nearest me with the empty bowl.

"The effect was wonderful. They were a dirty lot and shrank from cold water, I'll warrant you. The blackguard nearest me drew back as I aimed the blow at his head, and the whole party rolled down the steep staircase; a confused mass of heads and legs to the sight, and a confused sound of cursing and of heavy thuds on the stairs to the ears.

"I had been imprudent enough to keep the lighted candle in my hand, and one of the villains took advantage of the circumstance. He drew a pistol and snapped it down at me as soon as he had regained his feet.

"My jug of water, however, had done its work; the pistol would not go off, and, with an oath, the wretch threw it at me.

"Very fortunately for me, I caught the implement, and, presenting it at the ruffian, I coolly held the flame of the candle to the nipple, keeping all the time a steady aim at his breast. The other three burglars were by this time on their feet; and, in answer to a ferocious exclamation from the man who was covered by my weapon, each drew a pistol and snapped it down at me. Only one went off, thanks to the water, but that one very nearly finished me, for the ball ploughed through my right whisker so near to the skin as to leave an uncomfortable sensation behind it.

"What was I to do? Before my front were four desperate men, and the pistol I held would not go off. Still I resolved to keep the rascals covered, if only for the sake of the moral effect, for the burglars were plainly in fear of it.

"At last, just as they were about to make a rush at me, the heat from the flame of the candle reached the charge, the pistol went off, and the leading wretch, uttering a fearful yell, fell at the feet of his comrades.

"'Now,' thought I, 'I must be in for it,' and surely enough the remaining three miscreants made a rush at me, uttering awful threats. I saw plainly that I must escape, and made a dash at the door leading to the factory, which I managed to reach with the three burglars in full pursuit. The room into which I escaped was a very large one used as a packing place, and vast quantities of lead pencils were lying about in boxes and trays. I was fleet of foot, as you may well suppose, with three such murderous ruffians behind me, and, as I dashed along the floor, a bright thought suddenly occurred to me, which I have no doubt saved my life.

"I purposely upset a tray of pencils, and when the foremost of the burglars set down his foot, they rolled under him in all directions, and, after an inffectual attempt to recover himself, he fell heavily. The second villain was close behind, and was knocked down by the first as he fell. Quick as thought I rolled down a heavy package, which fell broad and full upon the chest of the one nearest me, and effectually settled him for a time. The other prostrate burglar, however, sprang to his feet with a dreadful imprecation, and rushed at me, followed by the fellow who had not as yet been floored.

"I rushed down stairs, having a scheme in my head which, if I succeeded in carrying it out, would make me secure of both my pursuers. The water-wheel was in a separate part of the building. It was easy enough to reach the house in which it worked while it was standing still, but there were places from which it would be certain death to attempt to move when the wheel was in motion. Into one of these fatal corners I determined to lure my pursuers. The wheel was about twenty-two feet in height and six feet wide. The shaft upon which it revolved was borne upon huge blocks of masonry wrought into the walls on each side, and these walls formed a kind of trough. They were carried up from the level at which the shaft bearings were placed much thinner than below that level, and a narrow ledge was left at the point where the thicker wall finished. On this ledge the workmen were accustomed to walk while the mill was at rest, in order to examine the bearings. The floats worked too close to the wall to allow a man to pass while the wheel was in motion, and I knew that if I could only induce my men to follow me through the wheel-house, and once get them upon the ledge, I could start the mill and they would be fixed.

"This was, however, an extremely delicate operation, for I must slacken speed as I squeezed past the wheel, and, if they caught me, then the mill-head was convenient for the burglars to throw me in, and there would be an end of me; but it was my only resource now, and away I dashed for it."

A Sailor: "Why didn't you put out your candle instead of lighting them warmin' on your track?"

A laugh from the other sailors followed this question, showing that they were nettled at the interest the tale created; but, with superb calmness, the landsman continued.

"Why, don't you see, I wanted by this time to do something more than escape. If I had only wished to get away I should have thrown the candle aside and rushed out at the nearest door; but, d'ye see, I wanted to show them what a nice burglar-trap conld be made of a pencil factory, and I did, too. The moment I found the remaining two burglars behind me, I made for the wheel-house, dashed past the float-boards to the ledge, and, just as I had crossed about half-way, I was overjoyed to find by their frantic imprecations and threats that the rascals, fearing I was about to escape by the mill-head, were prepared to follow me.

"Before this I had two fears—first, that they might give up following me, and, second, that they might be as well acquainted with the machinery as myself, and might turn back, set the wheel in motion, and catch me in my own trap. Fortunately, they knew nothing of the machinery, and were eager in pursuit, and, just as I passed out at the opposite side of the wheel to that at which I had entered, I had the satisfaction of seeing them both pass through at the other side, and begin cautiously to pick their way along the ledge.

"If any of you know anything about water-wheels, you will understand that I had passed out at the up-stream side of the wheel, next the mill-head, and consequently had the gear close at hand. In a moment the crank of the rack was in my grasp. A few vigorous turns, and I heard the rush of water; the ponderous, black mass began to revolve with its peculiar slow and resistless motion, I heard the wild shout of dismay uttered by the burglars, and"——

"Then you fell insensible, I suppose?" said one of the passengers, with a grin.

"Not a bit of it," coolly returned the young man; "not a bit; for, don't you see, I had not yet done with my friends. I knew they would not realise their position in the dark, and feared they might take a false step and fall into the wheel. I stopped, therefore, and held the candle so as to throw as much light as possible upon the scene, and I am afraid I was unkind enough to chaff and jeer the poor fellows, for I held the light close to the passage through which they must pass out when the machinery was stopped, and asked them if they wished to try the experiment of escape. I don't think I ever shall forget the looks of rage and hate which they cast upon me as I did so. You must recollect that we were within a yard of each other and only separated by the ends of the floats of the wheel; but those floats were in motion, and plainly showed to the most unpractised eye that to touch them would be instant and horrible death.

"Well, as I had caged these birds in tolerable safety, I turned back into the factory to look after the other two. I found the man upon whom the package had fallen in the same position as that in which I had left him, either dead or insensible. I rolled the package off him, and, after having pinioned his arms, I loosened his neckcloth and left him to recover, if possible.

"I then went to look after the other man, the one who had been shot, and found him still breathing, but badly wounded in the chest. I returned to my room, dressed myself, and, having got assistance, the two burglars in the wheel-house were taken out, wet as drowned rats; for you must learn that a water-wheel in motion makes a considerable slop.

"The fellows were recognised as part of a desperate gang of London cracksmen. All four were tried at the following assizes—for the wounded men recovered—and if, gentlemen, you wish to know how the judge complimented me and how the court was crowded to get a sight of your humble servant, just get a copy of any of the local newspapers of that period, for the matter is too delicate for me to dwell upon."

"I can't think," said a passenger, who was, perhaps, an unusually sceptical man, "I can't understand why you should think it necessary to obtain assistance immediately after getting your burglars so nicely secured. Why did you not go to bed for the remainder of the night?"

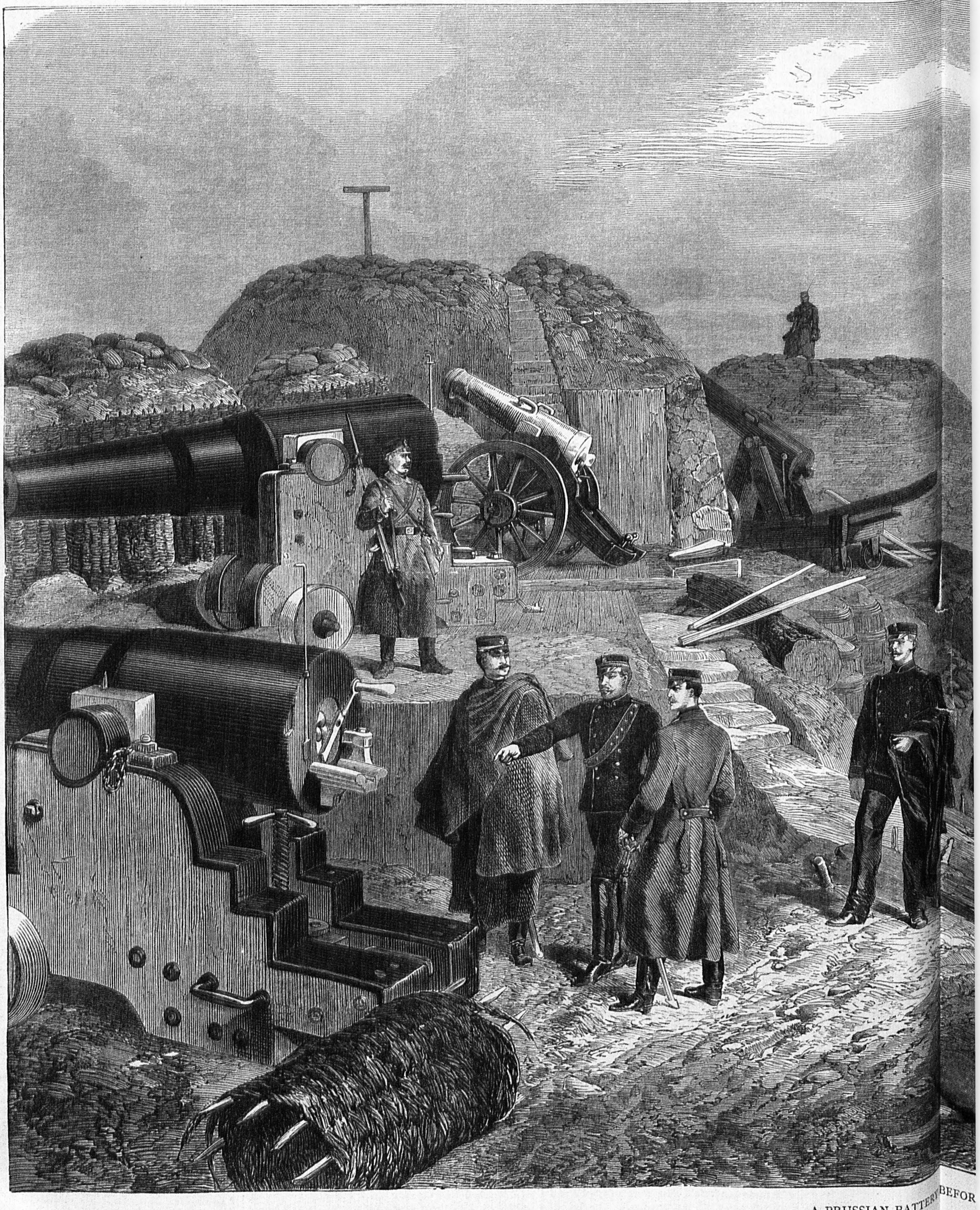
This sally was followed by a general laugh, and the tale was voted a good one, although some of the most audacious of the sailors impudently pronounced it "an uncommon tough yarn."

HERBERT WRIGHT.

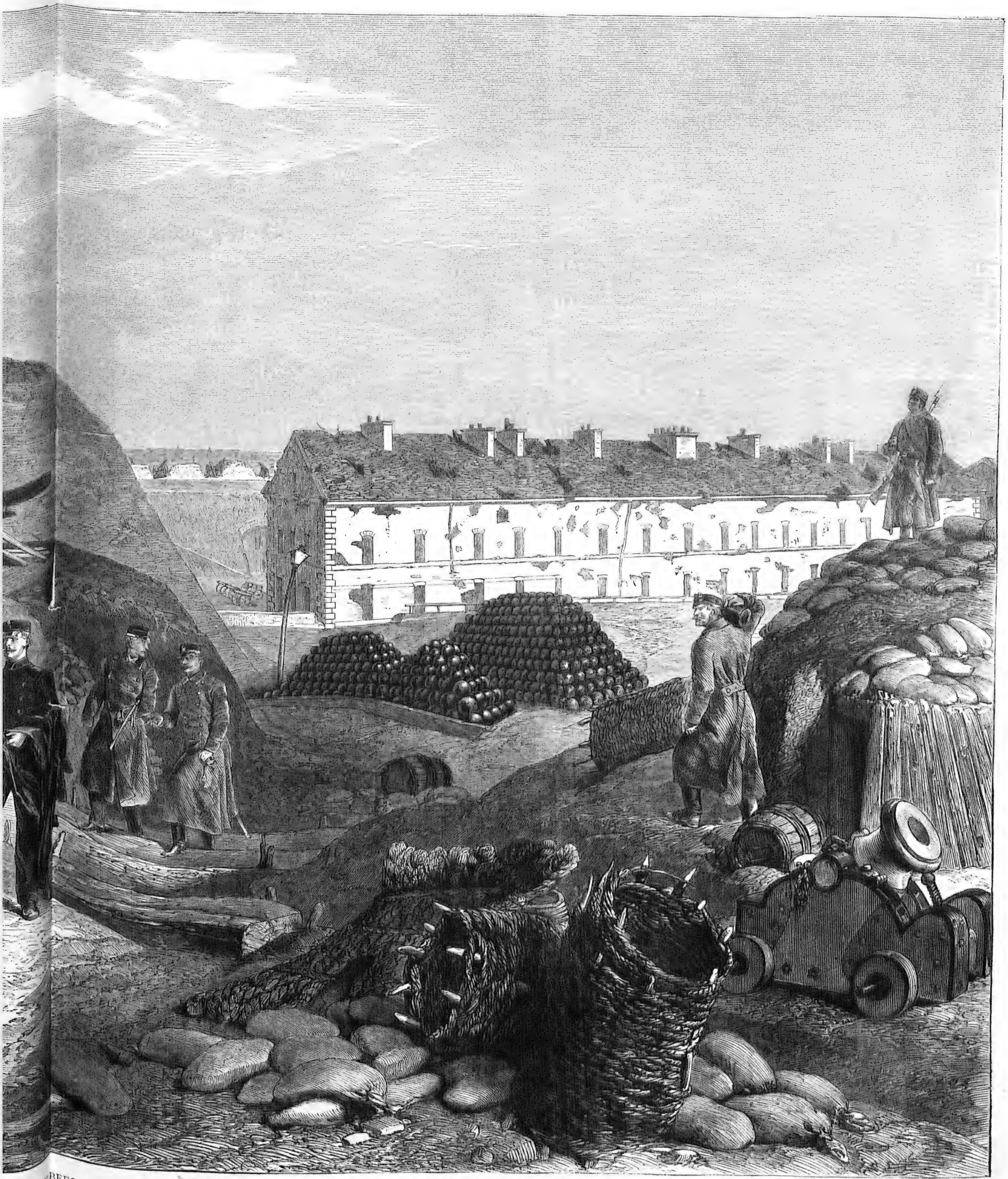
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE ARAWAS.—The *Otago Daily Times* says:—"At the Korero held at Tauranga during his visit to that place, the Duke of Edinburgh is reported to have made the following speech, which shows he has made some progress in the art of 'bunkum oratory':—'O my friends, chiefs of the Arawas, I have long heard of the loyal and valiant tribe of the Arawas, and am glad to find myself among you. I have been told that when you expected me to come here, two years ago, you made a road for my convenience. I thank you for this mark of thoughtful courtesy, and it will give me pleasure to make use of that road, knowing it was made by faithful subjects of my mother the Queen. The Queen, who knew the fame of her loyal Arawas, will be pleased when I tell her that I have travelled in your country, and as your guest. I wish you all, my friends, long life and prosperity in your beautiful country. The mists are rising off the mountains, and the sun looks smiling down upon you. Farewell.'"

"ENOUGH FOR A PA'SON."—At a recent meeting in the parish of Wincanton, Somerset, it was resolved to appoint a schoolmaster at a salary of £50 a year. To some of the parishioners the idea of such liberal salary appeared quite absurd, and one of them declared the sum to be "enough for a pa'son."

FLORILINE!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. GALLUP, Proprietor, 493, Oxford-street, London. [156



A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFOR



BATTERY BEFORE FORT NOGENT.

THE BATTLE OF LONGBOUCHON.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

"To think," said Kellermann, a lancer of the Uhlans, to his superior officer, Lieutenant Sabelschlag, "while we shiver here, wet and supperless, that hill to the left is honeycombed with old Longbouchon's cellars, a million and a half of bottles of *premières crus*—most *ausgezeichneter wein*. I half fancy I can see a light in his chateau now."

"Yes," said the other, after a moment's silence; "if we could find the key of his cellars, we might make requisition on his *basse cour*, and keep ourselves pretty comfortable till morning. So you say you came from Mousseux-les-Caves to volunteer at Frankfort? H'm! why, we might perhaps learn something of what we want to know before the people in Mousseux-les-Caves are afoot."

A rapid *tête-à-tête* council of war, and the visit to M. Longbouchon's was decided on. Ten minutes more, and the lieutenant and his little party were moving up the broad gravel drive from the iron portals in brown and gold to the green vine-trellised verandah. The bell and the knocker clamoured emulously. The next moment there fell on their ears a soft scuffling footfall, as of some one moving in slippers several sizes too big for him; then came a faint gleam through a jalousied window *au premier*, and a light crack as of some one tampering with the wooden bars of the Persian.

When minutes were precious, and nine lives hung upon them, the lieutenant's temper was of the shortest. "Despatch, there, will you, *imbécile*!" he exclaimed, in clear, low tones and excellent French. "Despatch, or *sacré nom de mille de champs*"——

Either the Gallic oath reassured the lamp-bearer as it was meant to do, or his imagination fearfully finished the sentence. At all events, in a second or so, bolt was drawn, and bar let down; the door moved slowly back, and as the breeze rushed in, the light blew out. The lieutenant sprang after the wind through the opening, revolver in hand.

Just then a shout from below came to guide him.

"Longbouchon, Herr Lieutenant!" exclaimed Kellermann, triumphantly. "I could have sworn he was in the house."

And he was right. Wakened from his beauty sleep to a dim sense of the situation, M. Longbouchon had rapidly put on a pair of pantaloons, his slippers and *robe-de-chambre*, seized an umbrella, and set himself to escape by the back of his premises.

One piercing shriek, an involuntary tribute to nature, and the next moment the Uhlan had him in strict embrace whispering words of guttural menace, that were eloquently intelligible, although Longbouchon knew no syllable of German.

"So, M. Longbouchon, it gives me sincere pleasure to renew our acquaintance!" exclaimed Kellermann, who had hurried down.

"Forgive me, if I hardly know"—— began the horrified and mystified old gentleman.

"Whom you have the pleasure of addressing," exclaimed the lieutenant. "I see I must become master of the ceremonies, and introduce you to M. Kellermann, of Frankfort-on-Maine."

"Ancient apprentice to the commerce of sparkling wines with Sillery and Cie., of Mousseux-les-Caves," interposed Kellermann, parenthetically.

"And you see he has not forgotten his friends here, or the roads to their houses," continued the lieutenant.

M. Longbouchon groaned.

"Well, M. Longbouchon," said the lieutenant, "I shall detail one of my men to mount guard over your domestic, who will provide us a soldier's supper, at which I trust we may be honoured with your company."

While Pierre bustled over his preparations with apparent good-will, closely followed by his armed shadow, Kellermann was in conversation apart with his leader.

The first constraint over, it was a pleasant supper. Sabelschlag sunk the conqueror in the guest, and Longbouchon fell instinctively into the *rôle* of host.

The banquet went on: Sabelschlag was a *bon vivant*, and Kellermann, a son of the celebrated wine-house of Zeil, a professional critic. Recognising their discriminative appreciation, Longbouchon sent Pierre on special missions to historical bins. As each fragrant flask was unwired, his guests insisted on his doing them reason. Nothing loth, he accepted each friendly challenge, and time after time they *trinqué*'d and emptied their glasses, as the pale topaz flashed and sparkled to the wax-lights.

The wine went round and the conversation was lively for a long time; then the talk flagged.

The Germans had no need to apologise to their host for cutting their conviviality short on the score of early rising, for already he was nodding, and his head subsiding on his chest.

Next morning, when Sabelschlag roused and shook himself, he found it later than he had supposed. The day should have dawned long before, but all was darkness still. Grey wreaths of fog wrapped everything in their heavy folds. It was of the less consequence, their being somewhat belated. How *éclairer* in such light as that? There was no possibility of seeing anything with their own eyes, worse luck, and the best to be done was to have breakfast comfortably, and then, if the day gave no signs of clearing, go quietly back with Longbouchon's information.

Sabelschlag bit his lip, and turned quietly to give the needful order to his men. Ten minutes after the party had assembled in the courtyard, and, taking French leave of the slumbering M. Longbouchon, had skirted the corner of the buildings and joined the Uhlan on duty by the iron gates in front. Then they all trotted on by the road that wound through the vines.

"I don't like it, Fritz," remarked Sabelschlag, as he dismissed Kellermann to his old post in advance. "We treated that old rascal too well to make it worth his while to hide away from us. He must have carried news of us to the town."

"Qui vive?" There was no mistake about that. The challenge came from not fifty yards in advance. He pulled up sharp and turned his bridle to canter back, as a rifle went off in the mist, and the ping of a bullet whistled past over his head. As if the shot had been the signal for a grand *feu d'artifice* and general small-arm salute, an irregular line of breaking light blazed up through the darkness in a rude semicircle, some five hundred yards away from them. The party were girdled in fire and noise; and they could hear the balls whistling through the air and rattling on the window panes of the chateau behind.

The lieutenant ordered a retreat to the courtyard; had the great gates shut and barred, and the defences of the first-floor windows hastily seen to.

He looked for Longbouchon. Longbouchon half awake, and wringing his hands in bitter anguish of spirit, was looking for him.

"Ah, M. le Capitaine, what means this atrocious *vacarme!* Is it the entire army of the Prussians?"

"No, M. Longbouchon, it is only Bobbinet and his Nationals and Moblots, brought upon us by that servant of yours. Your life is forfeited; if you desire to redeem it, you will guide us through your cellars by the road he escaped by."

"You have conquered, monsieur. I am a man of peace before all, and ask nothing better than to save bloodshed."

But a difficulty arose. The Uhlans distinctly declined to abandon their horses; for Kellermann assured them that they would find a bridle-road as well as a footway through the wine-caverns. Longbouchon remonstrated that if they went mounted they must leave the shelter of the courtyard to reach the portals in the rock without, but his masters were inexorable. The hoofs were carefully muffled, and the movement caried out in absolute silence and with perfect success. The enemy still kept up an irregular fire on vacancy; and it seemed likely, if they decided finally to close in, the casualties in their own ranks must be serious. But although a stray bullet or two came to throw Longbouchon into a cold perspiration and thoroughly sober him, it was clear such shots were merely happy coincidences.

The band disappeared in the cellars, and, after groping about for a long time, halted in front of a beetle-browed door. It opened into a passage grooved in the chalk hill that led to the outer air. There the fog hung thicker than above, and the outlet debouched upon a private road that ran straight to the left out of the line of danger.

"It gives upon the Chalons road," observed M. Longbouchon.

There was a brief leave-taking. Kellermann shook his head in despair, and then of a sudden gave a suppressed shout of satisfaction. At last he had stumbled out upon the high road. He stooped over a kilomètre-stone. "'Mousseux-les-Caves, ½ kilomètre. Chalons, 27 kilomètres.' A near thing, indeed, Herr Lieutenant," he ejaculated, as he read it off. "We are at the very gates of the place, and had the fog been lighter"——

"Men, where I chose to go," said Sabelschlag, "it is your business to follow; but we ask volunteers when we go on forlorn-hopes. Here at our elbow is Mousseux-les-Caves. There is its garrison firing into each other on that hill behind. There are nine of us, and as many more as the fog and French fear shall multiply us to. Tell me, shall we take the place in the name of the army behind, or shall we sneak back again through the fog, as we came?"

The men reflected a moment, for Germans, even when Uhlans, are more the creatures of thought than impulse. They looked into each other's faces—they could just see them through the mist—and, in fact, they held a mute council of war. The meeting was unanimous and enthusiastic, and voted the advance in a harmonious shout of "Vorwärts, Lieutenant—vorwärts!"

"Forward be it, men; follow me!"

The council of defence of Mousseux-les-Caves was assembled in the salle of the Hotel de Ville: Blancbecque the *sous-préfet*, Grostonneau the *maire*, Grognard the colonel *en retraite*, half a dozen of others waiting in conclave for the latest news from the seat of war, by the Chateau Longbouchon. A Rembrandt-like group they seemed in the ghastly light and shade of the gas mingling with the gloom. Suddenly from the streets without arose shouts of surprise and shrieks of terror. A rush and patter of feet and a Babel of sounds echoed from the *place* below. A cry arose—"Les Prussiens! les Prussiens!" The door was flung open, and a lanky, sabotless figure, his blouse tucked up, all fiery-flushed with speed, burst unceremoniously into the august assembly. "Yes, Monsieur Blancbecque—yes, Monsieur Grostonneau—the Prussians, the Prussians! Save yourselves—for God's sake, save yourselves! They put all to fire and sword, they sack, they pillage and ravish as they come!"

The *sous-préfet*, the *maire*, and the council of defence looked each other in the face. They wanted but little of voting a harmonious stampede. But the man who hesitates is lost, and while they waited for an example the moment was gone. A tramp of horse dominated the movement of the crowd; it drew nearer amid deepening silence. There was a ring of steel at the very door, and all escape was barred. M. the Sous-préfet made an effort on himself. He resumed his seat and attempted to resume his dignity, although his paling face and quivering lips belied the effort. The *maire* strove to imitate him, so did the others as best they could. Grognard growled and strode towards the window. "A thousand thunders—the Uhlans!" and he stormed out a volley of *gros-jurons* that hurtled harmless over the intruders' heads.

A heavy step mounted the stone staircase, traversed the creaking boards of the ante-room, and Lieutenant Sabelschlag stood on the threshold, while the figures of a couple of his lancers kept themselves in the twilight, a formidable background to the apparition.

"The commandant of the place?" queried the officer, saluting courteously.

"The council of defence of Mousseux-les-Caves, sitting in absence of Colonel Bobbinet," responded the *sous-préfet*, with tremulous accents.

"And with authority, I presume, to treat? So much the better. I have the honour to announce the occupation of the town by the Germans, and to demand its formal surrender."

"Colonel Bobbinet commands, monsieur, and Colonel Bobbinet"——

"Is cut off by my forces, and warmly engaged. You must have heard the noise of the action raging by the Chateau Longbouchon, although you appear to be left in ignorance of the results. Permit me to enlighten you: we repulsed your forces in a desperate attempt to carry the key of our position, and their futile efforts to resist our advance have ended, as you see, in our cutting their communication with the fortress. But affairs are urgent, gentlemen. I need hardly remind a military council that if you persist in useless defence it will be my painful duty to give over your town to the sack, and its rash defenders to the sword."

"We require an hour to consider your demand," interposed Grognard.

"I concede three minutes, gentlemen, in my earnest anxiety to spare life and property. Should your answer be unfavourable, the blood and misery rest on your heads. Not that you will survive to suffer from the stings of remorse. Permit me, for your own sakes, to advise that prudence shall temper patriotism. And remember well I embody in my person the might of armed Germany;" and the lieutenant drew himself to his full height, and smiled sternly.

"Cochon d'un Prusse!" exclaimed the old colonel, and he shook his fists as the door closed on the Uhlan. "That imbecile of a Bobbinet, to let himself be cut off."

"Only three minutes, remember!" quavered Grostonneau." "We surrender; of course we surrender."

"What ever will the Government say?" burst in M. Blancbecque. "My precise instructions were to see that the inhabitants were smothered in the ashes of their own homes before we yielded the place."

"That for the Government!" exclaimed M. Frelon, editor of the *Drapeau Rouge* of Mousseux-les-Caves, snapping his fingers with eloquent significance, "and that for the Government officials."

"And your article of yesterday, when you implored the citizens, by the glories of their country and the graves of their fathers, to fight to the last man, certain that France would crown the living with laurel-leaves and the dead with immortelles?"

"Necessity has its responsibilities, monsieur, and when patriots are rare, it is their duty to reserve themselves for martyrdom," replied the editor with dignity.

The door opened again, and again inexorable Destiny stood on the threshold. A moment's silence.

"Divided councils, gentlemen? Well, so be it. I wave my handkerchief from this window, and the fate of the negotiation and of Mousseux-les-Caves is sealed."

"Accepted, accepted!" vociferated the council.

"*Poules mouillées*," muttered old Grognard in his grey moustaches. "I am *de trop* here, I see; if M. le Prussien will excuse me, I go."

Monsieur the Prussian looked hard at the old soldier, and saluted him respectfully.

"The presence alone of a man of your honour and courage might imperil the peace of the place and the safety of my men; believe me it is the highest tribute I can offer when I beg you to remain on your parole in one of the rooms of the mairie."

He turned with a very different manner to the civilians.

"The surrender is, of course, unconditional, gentlemen; meantime, may I request your signature to an intimation that the town is given over entirely, subject to our discretion. I do not stand upon formalities, you observe; I am content to trust my superiors to give full effect to the spirit of our agreement."

"Impossible! unheard of! insolent!"—dull mutterings came growling around. The lieutenant drew out his handkerchief negligently, and strolled carelessly towards the window.

"An instant, monsieur," exclaimed M. Trebuchet. "France knows how to stoop with dignity before the inevitable."

He scribbled a hasty line or two, and passed the paper to the *sous-préfet* to sign. M. Blancbecque signed, so did M. Grostonneau, so did the rest. Lieutenant Sabelschlag read it, nodded, folded it, and placed it in his pocket—symbolical possession—and Mousseux-les-Caves had passed into the hands of the Germans.

By midnight a couple of squadrons of Uhlans had drawn rein on the Place Impériale of Mousseux-les-Caves, and, only when it was too late, the *maire*, the *sous-préfet*, and the council of defence had learned the strength of the forces who, in alliance with the fog, had won the battle of Longbouchon and mastered the fortifications of Vauban. But, as Lieutenant Sabelschlag observed to his patriotic friend M. Longbouchon, in whose town mansion he was billeted, the odds had been greater at Rheims and Nancy: so the defenders of Mousseux-les-Caves had no reason whatever to be ashamed of themselves.

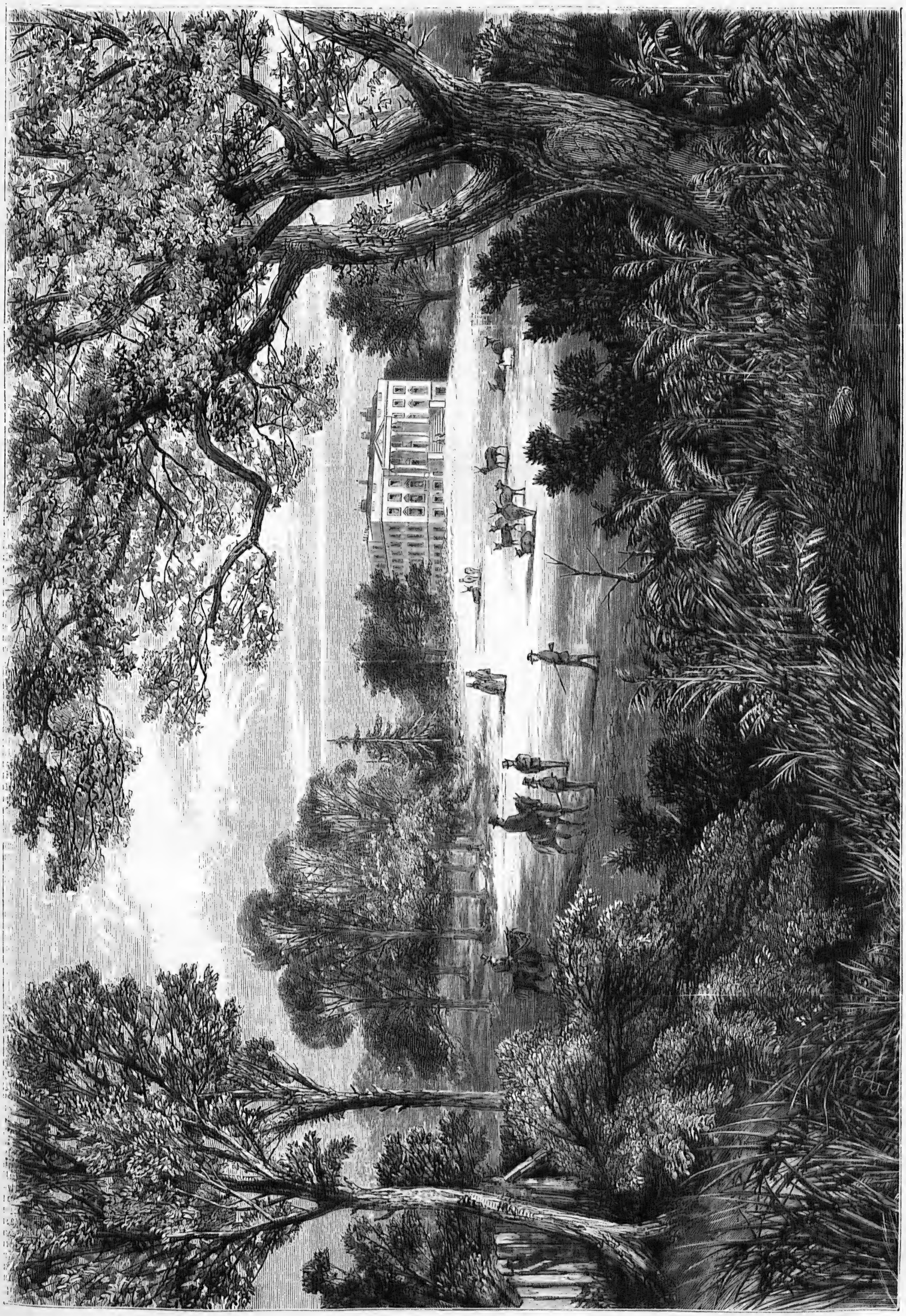
ANTICIPATIONS.—The *New York Standard* states that "funeral services will hereafter be performed at the Hudson River Railroad Depôt upon the departure of every train."

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.—The *Globe* says—Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage.—Sold in packets only, by all grocers. Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London. [272

IMPORTANT.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent. saved in value. [24

PURE WATER.—ALFRED BIRD, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new CARBON FILTER, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of the purest water daily.—To be seen in action at 69, Worcester-street, Birmingham. [930

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107



CLAREMONT: THE RESIDENCE OF THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LORNE

ROUEN.

We wish those two fellows in spiked helmets had not intruded themselves into the foreground of the view of Rouen, which appears on the 56th page of this paper, and we do not think the picture looks any the better for the little stacks of "piled arms," or the other reminders of the German military system which appear upon the meadows running down towards the esplanade which borders the river Seine. Our artist, no doubt, bivouacked with these Bavarians and Pomeranians, and smoked pipes with them, and made it a point to stick a few of them into every drawing; but, for ourselves, we are almost as tired of the German occupation as the French are, and we prefer to take the engraving as a topographical rather than a military sketch, and to follow up the associations awakened by this view of the old Norman capital quite independently of the history of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, or the story of Bismarckism, and the making of what the Prussians are pleased to call German unity. The dear old, quaint, romantic Normandy, with its dense apple groves, its thick, dark woods, its wondrously quiet, shady landscapes, through which gracefully sweep the reaches of the Seine, no modern German soldier in arms ought ever to have set his foot in. Our own recollections of Rouen date from days when no man dreamed of a new inundation of Germanic races. Have the soldiers much changed the aspect of the ancient capital, the birthplace of William the Conqueror—the death-place of Joan of Arc? In the black night it used to be known to the traveller by rail as a broad mass of twinkling lights—a sort of copy below of the canopy of stars above. It did not blaze and make the air light with a sort of luminous fluid, like Paris and the great English cities and towns. The jets of flame somehow, though innumerable, kept themselves distinct, and by this, and by the form the city took in the darkness, one waking up on a sudden in the train on his way to Paris would know in a moment that this was Rouen by night, and no other picture that he could expect to pass through in Northern France.

How full of historic suggestions to the mind of the Englishman is this curious old Rouen! The heavy stone walls seem built to last till the Judgment Day. They are dusky, dirty, prison-like; oppressive in height and density, and doubly oppressive because of the narrow passages which run between the buildings. How do the Rouen merchants occupy the spacious and lofty interiors of these immense buildings, whose eaves are as close together as those of the herring-smoking brick structures which almost shut out the sky overhead along the "Rows" of our own Great Yarmouth? They must continue to do something in them, for who is to pull them down? They would probably resist any violence short of bombshells, and we are not sure that even the artillery that was brought up round Paris would have been able to shatter some of these awful stone walls of Rouen. Did the Germans, we wonder, disturb the even tenour of the buying and selling of very old and very dirty boots and shoes and second-hand linen and outer apparel for men and women and children, which was the chief business in so many of those narrow lanes wherein houses nodded to houses, and the loaded linen poles from the garret windows stretched across from roof to roof, bedimming the light of the sky? There is the old church, synchronous almost with Christianity. What a perilous journey it is up the steps of the shaky tower, and how the masonry trembles under every footfall! Each day threatens to be the last of the adhesion of stone to stone, and yet the pile has trembled under the footfall of travellers for these many hundreds of years. Sons of Albion wandering through Rouen have been condemned, by force of an appalling attraction, to search out the public statue erected to the memory of the Maid of Orleans, on the spot upon which the brave girl was burnt; but it is not easy to find. The ways to it are through foul and narrow alleys principally. The natives know well, when they see an Englishman poking among those lanes, that he is looking for the "Place de la Pucelle," and they are ready to direct him almost before he asks his way. There he is at last in a dingy open circle, and there stands the statue of Joan of Arc, with commemorative inscriptions on the pedestal in very plain modern French; for they who burnt the poor creature for a witch were not in a hurry to raise a monument to her memory, and the "Place" was a long time before it became thus consecrated. The space might have been much what it is now four hundred and fifty years ago when the faggot was fired, but the circle is small for a public spectacle with a mighty pile of flame in the middle of it; and there could not have been very many thousands of lookers-on. Standing at the foot of this poor girl's statue, and calling to mind the deeds of which Old England has been guilty in dealing with her enemies, the British traveller can hardly help feeling a little humiliated. Who are we—the silent voices seem to demand of us—that we should judge the French nation for declaring war, or the Germans for pushing the conflict to bitter extremities? This city of Rouen once—and indeed more than once—was ours. It was a part of the patrimony of William the Norman when he invaded our island, and it remained to the English kings until the year 1204. Then France had it for a couple of centuries, but we did not acknowledge that our enemies had gained a settlement in that time. Henry V., the son of Bolingbroke, who eschewed such companionship as that of Falstaff when he ascended the throne, and betook himself in earnest to the profession of arms, recaptured Rouen in 1419, and it was during the ensuing thirty years in which we retained possession of the city that we commemorated our presence by burning this heroic French girl, for no other reason than that her military daring had proved too much for our soldiers in their investment of Orleans. Unhappily, none of the blood of poor Joan was left in the veins of the French men and women of 1870, and the German victories have been more unchecked and more complete than were those of Old England. In what strange places were the old kings and conquerors content to live! In a poor-looking building, but very strong in masonry, the visitor is shown the reputed birth-place of William I. of England. Part of the structure is now something between a butcher's shop and a receptacle for what we in England describe as "marine stores." And there is Rouen Quay, and there are the bridges. The stream is broad; the business is considerable; the merchants' store-houses are large and numerous. But we have said enough, for the time, of Rouen. It is a place to stay in for many days, less for its beauty than for its quaintness and for the extraordinary durability of its historical mementoes. The Emperor struck a broad boulevard through the city, which is an anomaly, and perhaps the only anomaly in Rouen. All the rest is of the Middle Ages, and the people do not seem to know that they are not still carrying on in the fourteenth century. Outside the city of Rouen is a charming country, rich in drives, and walks, and rare views of "dear old Normandie." RICHARD GOWING.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger* says:—"As a matter of conviction, no less than of generosity, we must emphatically protest against the condemnation pronounced by an eminent contemporary upon the good people of Dover for the cordial and enthusiastic reception which they have just accorded to the Emperor Napoleon. Regarding the affair solely in the light of correct taste and strict propriety, it, no doubt, would have appeared more decorous on the part of the crowd if they had abstained from pressing quite so closely upon the Imperial party, and had allowed them to proceed to their hotel without suffering any personal inconvenience or interruption. Popular sentiment, however, especially in England, is seldom to be restrained by the rules of etiquette, and we cannot but believe that the Imperial exiles themselves would most readily forgive the unintentional trespass upon their dignity in view of the spontaneous outburst of sympathy with which they were greeted. That the Emperor himself did so, and that he fully understood the force and nature of the feelings by which the multitude were affected, was evident from his demeanour, and was no more than might reasonably be expected from his intimate knowledge of the warm-hearted, though withal somewhat clumsy character of English salutation, and if the Empress—as it is said, though no doubt with the usual exaggeration—did betray any momentary alarm, it was nothing more than English Royalty might naturally have exhibited if suddenly made the subject of such exuberant enthusiasm. To tell us that we ought not to receive the Emperor cordially, because France, in her first outbreak of passionate disappointment, foolishly and precipitately made him the scapegoat of her misfortunes, is equivalent to telling us that we are neither to exercise our right of independent judgment, nor to express the conclusions at which we have impartially arrived. The terrible events of which the French capital is at this moment the sad arena, are alone sufficient not merely to justify the policy of Napoleon, but even to demand the restoration of his dynasty; and we are much mistaken if in this critical juncture the popular instinct will not prove to be more true in its divination than that of those who assume to be among its chief guides and instructors. Printing-house-square is undoubtedly the focus of extraordinary political intelligence, but its prophets have ere now been blinded by the excess of their own light."

THE *Nottingham Daily Express* is able to state, on competent authority, that Christopher Nevile, Esq., of Thorney, near Newark, is willing to come forward as a candidate in the Liberal interest for either the north or south division of Notts, whenever a vacancy in the representation may occur. Mr. Nevile is a very liberal landlord, and is very popular amongst the tenant-farmers of his district.

ALL Berlin (says a correspondent of the *Daily News*) is laughing grimly at the Dover reception of Napoleon III.

MR. JOHN SHARP'S mill was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The damage will reach £6,000.

THE Emperor Napoleon visited Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle on Monday evening.

THE Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne are expected to leave England about the 28th inst., in one of the Royal yachts, upon an excursion to Italy and the Mediterranean.

TWO additions to the ironclad navy were made on Saturday afternoon at Chatham Dockyard by the launch of the *Snake* and *Scourge* gunboats. Each of the boats will be heavily armoured, and carry a 10-inch 18-ton gun, fitted with Captain Scott's gun-carriage and slide.

THE death is announced of Mr. E. Howes, M.P. for South Shields.

THE LAW OF DISTRAINT.—"The Conservatives argue," says the *Spectator*, "that the security of land attracts capital to agriculture, but the truth is it drives it away, first, by encouraging pauper tenants; and secondly, by deterring capitalists from lending money to tenant farmers. If the farmer fails, the local banker knows that he will not have his fair per-centage from the assets, but will only come in after the landlord has been fully satisfied. The landlord does not lend, and the banker cannot, so that the total effect of the law of distraint, so far as it works at all, is to drive capital away from agriculture, to postpone the solvent to the pauper tenant, and to diminish the securities the farmer has for the temporary use of money. The argument in its favour is nothing but the old Protectionist argument that corn-growing must be promoted by bounties—an argument which is, at all events politically, dead."

RUGBY SCHOOL.—The *Echo* says:—"We are sorry to learn that the differences which have prevailed in this school since the appointment of the present Head Master have lately extended to the boys, and that recently a disturbance occurred in the school-house, which has resulted in the expulsion of several pupils."

AGRARIAN OUTRAGE IN MAYO.—On Saturday night a party of men attempted to burn down the mansion of Captain Costella, a magistrate in Mayo. The inmates were all in bed at the time. The servants being roused by a smell of burning, found, on examination, the hall-door had been covered with tar, turf and sticks being piled before it, and set burning.

RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI and Canzio are said to have been expelled from Lyons by the Prefect.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—The *Pungolo* of Naples states that a fortnight ago Vesuvius ejected a large quantity of ashes, violent explosions being heard at the same time. Considerable numbers of foreigners were to be seen by the light of torches watching the lava which flowed slowly down the side of the mountain. One unfortunate individual, who had ventured towards the crater without a guide, at the moment of the eruption, lost his life, having been probably knocked down by one of the incandescent stones, which rolled down in great quantities, and before any help could reach him he was burnt by the molten liquid. He has not been identified, but from his dress he appears to have been a working man.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND HIS GRANDSON.—A correspondent of a contemporary says:—"Berlin is highly tickled with the story of the manner in which the eldest boy of the Crown Princess demeaned himself when he met his grandfather the other day, at Wildpark. As soon as the Emperor came within proper distance, this youthful Fritz saluted him with intense gravity, and stood to attention as rigidly as if he had petrified. The Emperor called him familiarly by name, and asked an affectionate question. His reply was another elaborate military salute, and a resumption on the boy's part of 'attention.' With a burst of laughter the old gentleman took his grandson in his arms, when at length the latter thought circumstances entitled him to merge discipline in affectionate demonstrations. He is very like what, in appearance, the Prince of Wales was at his age. He is spoken of as a very promising boy—honourable, studious, and eager to excel. The second son, Henry, is a pretty boy, but rather pale and delicate."

THE REVOLT IN PARIS.—The *Saturday Review* observes that the Central Committee were naturally puzzled how to act. It is necessarily awkward for the promoters of a successful revolution to have to sit down and think why they revolted. They were terribly afraid of the Prussians coming back—those dreadful people who really fight—and so they said they entirely approved of the terms of peace. They did not want Paris to be kept in isolation from the rest of France, so they said that Paris had tried to set an example to France, which France had only to imitate and they would again be one in feeling. They did not feel as if their government would last long, and so they tried to keep a door open for the return of more practised governors by representing the terms as most moderate on which they would withdraw. But a Central Committee and a revolution cannot live on fine words, and the funds which the insurgents had in hand were soon exhausted. Requisitions began, and from requisitions to pillage the step is but short. For the moment there does not seem a ray of light in the dark horizon; but the present state of things cannot last, and a very few days must bring about some event decisive of the destinies of France for years to come.

THE SOCIALIST ELEMENT IN THE INSURRECTION.—The "Syndical Chamber of the Stonemasons and Stonesawyers" have issued the following manifesto, printed on red paper:—"Citizens,—In answer to the call that the country was in danger, we have taken up arms. That was our duty; to-day we are overtaken by misery and leprosy. We can only better our future by a sublime effort. The difficult epoch we are passing through must have brought us to serious reflection on the subject of our social position as workmen. We must ask ourselves whether we, the producers, ought to allow those who do not produce anything to live at ease; whether the system which has been pursued till now is destined to exist for all times, even when it is entirely opposed to us. Let us prove by our attachment to the sacred cause of Democracy that we are worthy of all the consideration due to us. To our task, then, fellow-workmen, for our employers only think at this moment how to profit by our misery in order to extort still more from us if possible. If we are true to ourselves we shall check their base rapacity. To this end we call upon the stonemasons and stonesawyers to assemble on Thursday next at the Place de la Corderie du Temple No. 6 (Salle Moutier). The aim of the Syndical Chamber is to be watchful, to guard the common interests of its members, and to come to their aid in case of being wounded or being the victims of accident at their work, to initiate and to introduce for the prosperity of the trade all improvements it is entitled to."

THE wife of the Bishop of London is reported to be seriously unwell.

COUNTRY LIFE.

GOING A PALMING.

POPULAR customs sometimes outlive all knowledge of their origin. That is not quite the case with "going a palming;" but very nearly. To-morrow is Palm Sunday. In a good many churches in this land, and from a large number of pulpits, Protestant, Catholic, and Greek, in various parts of the globe, some reference will be made to the event to which the old custom owes its origin, and hence the world cannot drift into absolute ignorance on the subject; but we doubt if there is much practical connection between the ancient Church festival and the lingerings of an almost obsolete practice in this country of the Reformed religion. Writers on Palm Sunday, whose investigations were made a very long time ago, speak only in dubious language of the continuance of the celebration of the day in a special way in England, and yet to this hour there is in some of our counties a gathering of palms on Palm Sunday, and the commemoration forms the subject of our artist's sketch on page 45. Of course, palm trees do not flourish in these northern regions, and we have always been obliged to content ourselves with some sort of substitute. The palm is the old pagan emblem and reward of victory, and we profess to use its branches as if we were Eastern. The palm represents victory by reason of its extraordinary elasticity. No weight put upon the palm branch, and no amount of pressure, will prevent it from flying back to its former position as soon as the pressure is removed. It is, indeed, invincible, and so our ancestors and the forefathers of the races of Europe and Asia awarded the palm branch as the prize of conquest, and bound its stems round the brows of heroes. The use of the palm on occasions of rejoicing must have been very prevalent in the days of the coming of Christ into the world, or we should never have had a Palm Sunday to celebrate in the Church. When our Saviour made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the people took branches of this tree and went forth to meet Him, and they strewed palm leaves before Him on His way. That was a day of great joy, and the Christian fathers set down the Sunday before Easter and the last of Lent for the celebration. In England, slips of willow bearing the white mossy bud which gives promise at this season of the coming of the pretty pale green willow leaf, have always been, for the purposes of the festival, called "palms," and it is these that are still gathered in those rural districts where "gathering palms" is not wholly effete.

There was a time when the festival was one of the most remarkable observances of the year. It was in the period before the Reformation had been thought of. Then, on Palm Sunday morning, all good Christians gathered palm branches wherever the branches were to be had, contenting themselves in less favoured climes with willow boughs or, in some cases, with stems of box or yew, and marched with them in merry procession to the church. There the slips were cast together in a heap, and the priest pronounced a benediction upon them. From that moment the palms possessed a new quality: they were regarded as charms which, kept in the household, afforded protection against storms and thunder, and eager enough were the processionists and other worshippers to carry off a branch or slip of the holy palm. A very old writer, the author of "The Festival," gives the following quaint account of Palm Sunday, and the duty and the meaning of the commemoration:—

> "It is called Palme Sondaye for bycause the palme betokeneth vyctory, wherefore all Crysten people sholde bere palme in processyon in tokennynge that he hath foughten with the fende, our enemye, and hath the vyctory of hym."

The commemoration was, as a matter of course, discountenanced and condemned by the Protestants, and especially by the Puritans, and this phase of the history of the day affords a quotation scarcely less quaint than that from "The Festival," but in a very different vein. Our author this time is the writer of a curious old book called "Pylgremages of Pure Devotyon," wherein he says:—

> "Upon Palm Sunday they play the foles sadely, drawynge after them an asse in a rope, when they be not much distant from the wooden asse which they drawe."

This stern Reformer was referring to the practice which had been introduced in some places of getting a wooden donkey, surmounted by an effigy of the Saviour, into the annual procession—a practice which does not appear to have increased the gravity or solemnity of the proceedings.

One of the old customs was to decorate churches and private dwellings with palms on the Sunday before Easter, and since the revival of ritualism the ancient observance has shown symptoms of revival in some of our churches. The ceremony was not condemned by authority in England at the commencement of the Reformation; indeed, it was specially ordered to be retained, in a declaration by Henry VIII. in the year 1536; but in the time of Edward it ceased to be a recognised festival, and since then the very memory of the feast is kept alive only in the Midland counties, we believe, where the budding season of the willow, rather than the date of the festival in the almanack, suggests the gathering of the slips called palms. In traditional observances associated with the budding or blooming of trees or flowers, with the blossoming and ripening of fruit, with the singing of birds, or with any of the changes which mark the running in or flowing out of the year, there is a charm which will not let the feast entirely die out.

VOICES OF SPRING.

Our last reflection upon the lingering on of the ancient practice of gathering palms reminds us of a paragraph we noted this week in a Welsh paper. A large number of Englishmen probably never heard of a place called "Rhiwlas." Nevertheless it is a civilised village in this island, not far from Carnarvon. Here is the paragraph, interesting alike on account of the fact related and the method of the narrative:—

> "THE CUCKOO.—On Sunday last, a person from Carnarvon heard cuckoo notes *emanating from the branches of a tree* on a farm in Rhiwlas, Llandeiniolen. Being incredulous, he threw a stone into the tree, when unmistakably *out flew the welcome bird*."

We hope the bird was capable of appreciating the token of welcome offered by the person from Carnarvon. The early cuckoo seems to have a partiality for places with ancient British names, for the same journal reports in these terms:—

> "THE CUCKOO.—This spring visitor was heard at *Tan'rallt* on the 23rd inst."

OUTSIDE THE ARK.

A correspondence has been running in the *Leamington Spa Courier* for several weeks on the question, "Who was Cain's wife?" We will not stop to enumerate the probabilities speculated upon by the controversialists, but we will quote a passage, on a collateral issue, from last week's letter, bearing the signature of the Vicar of Leamington:—

> "When I sat down, just to calculate the number of people who inhabited the world at the time of the Flood, I was little aware what a task I had set before me. It would take four columns of your paper to contain the figures and letter-press description explanatory of the law of averages which I adopted. I may say that I merely allowed Eve to have one child in every six years to look after, and I did not commence the law of increase until there were one hundred pairs, male and female. The result, after making large concessions all along in my calculations, would give us the number of mankind alive at the time of the Deluge, who are described as having filled the earth with violence, at no less than 13,743,895,347,200; that is, thirteen billions, or millions of millions, seven hundred and forty-three thousand eight hundred and ninety-five millions, three hundred and forty-seven thousand, and two hundred; a number vastly exceeding that of the present inhabitants of the whole earth."

If there were so many people already in theworld before the Flood, there is no reason to wonder that they "filled the earth with violence." The only marvel is, that they did not systematically eat each other. The reverend gentleman says the figures vastly exceed those which represent the present population of the world. That is a mild way of putting it. If his calculations were to be relied on, they would prove that the number of people equalled the present population multiplied by 13,743. Let us apply these figures to the case of our own country. If we multiply the census return of London by 13,743 we get in the metropolis something like forty times the present population of the world; and if we perform the same operation with respect to the number of people in England and Wales, the result is something like one person for every square yard. Some of us would get rather violent under these circumstances; yet we are far less densely packed than the people of Asia, who would suffer much more severely by this process of multiplication. It is to be hoped that, within reasonable limits, we shall continue to increase and multiply; but if things come to such a pass as that described by the *Leamington Spa Courier*, another Flood would be quite a merciful dispensation.

OLD-FASHIONED ADVERTISING.

A newspaper in the Principality calls attention to a curious grievance:—

> "A meeting was recently held at Barmouth, to consider the desirability of asking for a School Board for the parish of Llanaber, and Mr. Jones, the largest owner in the parish of Llanaber, never heard of it."

It appears that the notice convening the meeting was affixed to the church door, where it somehow failed to attract the attention of Mr. Jones. Here is another example of ancient customs from the same source:—

> "About the same time an important public meeting was called at Aberdovey by the bellman, and one of the largest ratepayers only heard of it after it was over."

Our country contemporary thinks that public notices by church door and bellman are getting out of date, and he gives a broad hint as to the proper substitute for these effete forms:—

> "The way to announce meetings is obvious enough, and the ratepayers, in their own interest, ought to insist upon knowing when their own affairs are to be discussed and decided."

We hope the parishioners of Llanaber and Aberdovey will profit by the hint and the editorial moral so aptly and delicately pointed.

REPUBLICANISM IN NEWCASTLE.

A Republican Committee has been formed in Newcastle under the vice-presidency of Mr. T. J. Bayfield, who, in his speech at a recent meeting, said:—

> "We must not sleep while secret committees are being organised and filthy enactments dishonour the country."

Upon this heroic declaration the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* comments pleasantly in the following terms:—

> "Mr. Bayfield probably does not wish to be read literally in his renunciation of slumber, else it is going to be no joke to be one of his disciples."

In another part of his address Mr. Bayfield summarises the purposes of the Republican movement thus:—

> "Our object, in short, is to supplant bad laws and bad men with good."

We quote again the good tempered critic of the proceedings:—

> "This may be 'short' enough as a proposition, but it promises to be rather long as a problem. The supplanting of the 'bad laws with good,' is, after all, a small matter, compared with the supplanting of the 'bad men.' But how are Mr. Bayfield and his president, and his thirty citizens, going to 'supplant' the bad men? To be sure, it was tried by Robespierre and his contemporary Republicans once, and they did manage to supplant a good many with the aid of the guillotine, but the good men were in no hurry to arrive. Let us hope the Newcastle Republicans have discovered a more excellent way, and that they have considered the affirmative as well as the negative side of their problem. Show us a few of the good men ready manufactured, and we shall begin to be hopeful of their success in supplanting the bad."

LOYALTY IN SUNDERLAND.

From a report of the last Town Council Meeting in Sunderland, we extract the following piquant history of a local holiday instituted in honour of the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne:—

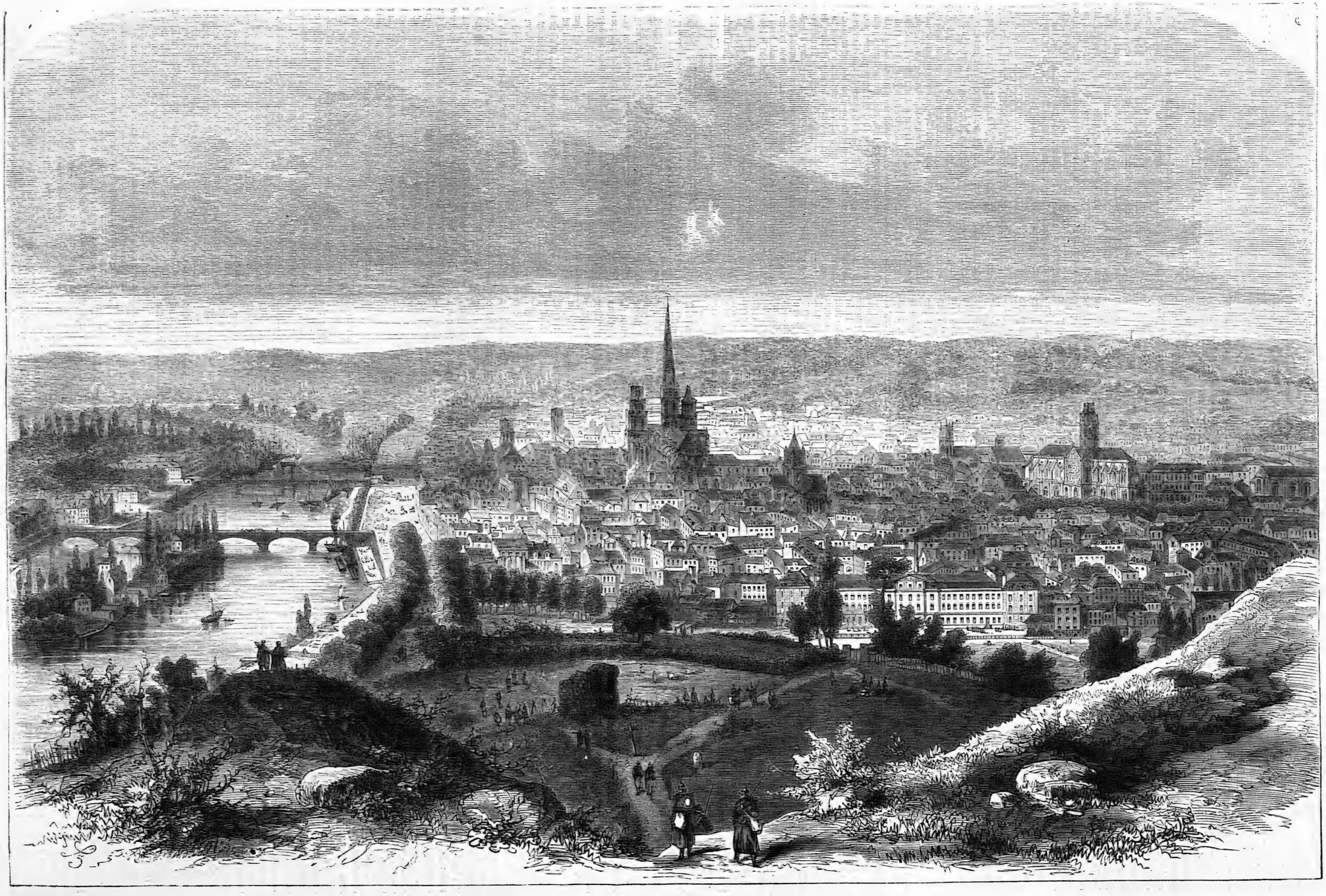
> "Mr. Robson said, with reference to the placard issued bearing the Mayor's name, recommending a general holiday on the day of the marriage, he would like to know whether a desire emanated from any one to have a whole holiday, and whether the whole holiday had the Mayor's sanction; for, if so, he regretted that the recommendation was very feebly carried out. Every place of business was opened in the morning with the exception of a solitary shop or two, and these were opened at ten o'clock. He understood also that the Mayor's own place of business was open—(laughter)—and none of the Government offices were closed for five minutes.—The Mayor replied that when he was at Newport, in Wales, a gentleman wrote to him from Sunderland asking if there was to be any holiday, as the Council had decided nothing at last meeting. Thereupon he wrote to the Town Clerk recommending a half day's holiday, but the Town Clerk in his warm-hearted loyalty issued a notice for a whole day. He knew how important it was to carry on business operations, and a half day's holiday would have been far more to his (the Mayor's) liking, but, if he might judge from what he saw on the wedding day, he was sure the working classes enjoyed themselves."

The Mayor is, no doubt, a popular man in Sunderland; but what must be the popularity of the Town Clerk!

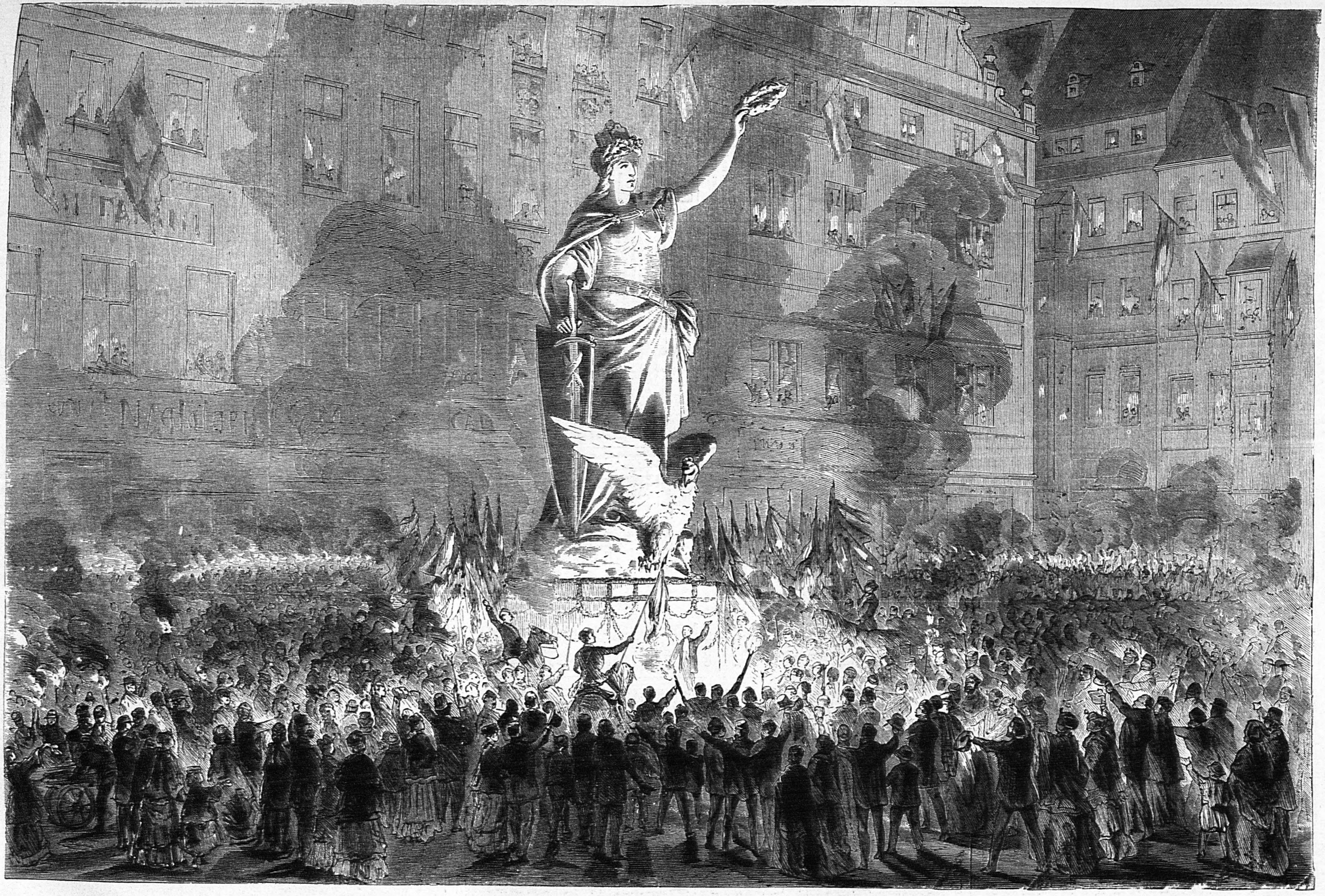
THE OCCUPATION OF THE EASTERN FORTS OF PARIS.

ON pages 50 and 51 we give a large picture, showing the guns of the Wurtemburgers before Fort Nogent. It will be remembered that at the time of the truce the resources of France were well nigh exhausted, and there was no hope of relief. Moreover, there was the ever-increasing danger that the extreme party, excited to madness, might, disregarding hunger and weakness, crown the already numerous sacrifices of the siege, by making the ruins of their city a memorial of their inextinguishable hatred of the Germans. The announcement that the town must surrender, mercy or no mercy, might have cost the Blue Republicans their rule, and thrown all those who had anything yet to lose into the power of the "Reds." So Bismarck allowed the Parisians to indulge in the dream that no soldier of Germany should profane their sacred pavement. He had obtained the surrender of the forts, the delivery of the weapons of the Linesmen and Mobile Guard, and the disarmament of the inner fortifications. He thus held the key of every house in the city in his pocket; and was enabled to await calmly the gradual cooling down of the angry spirits of the conquered. On the 29th of January German troops advanced towards the sixteen forts, with strong outworks, which command the principal streets of Paris, and which had been the first object of the siege. The Saxons were to occupy Forts Rosny, Noisy, and Romainville, and at three in the afternoon the French officers who had remained behind completed the surrender, at the same time giving information as to the situation of mines, &c. These gentlemen maintained throughout a polite and dignified manner. According to the convention, the forts were to be handed over by staff-officers; but at Noisy none was present, which caused a little difficulty. However, the Saxons had filled the glacis, and the French troops had already taken their departure, so the officer in charge could only leave the work on the ground of a formal declaration, which recorded these facts and a statement that the commander had withdrawn from his post in the face of a superior force. Fort Nogent was placed in the hands of the Wurtemburgers. It has sixty guns. Noisy has seventy-four. The guns are mostly heavy, but some are of light calibre. Neither of these works had been so roughly handled by the besiegers as Forts Issy, Vanvres, Montrouge, and Rosny. The earthworks behind which the cannon stand appear still in good condition, and, had the caserne been no longer available, the casemates would have afforded secure shelter. Out of the neighbouring Noisy-le-Sec the people flocked to see the advance of the Germans. Their numbers evidenced considerable appreciation on the part of the besieged of a deliverance from their late uncomfortable position. It is said that in twenty-four hours Paris could be levelled to the ground by the guns of the outstanding forts, and that Louis Philippe and Thiers contrived their fortifications less against foreign enemies than with a view to control with them the novelty-seeking Parisians.

"Some months since my wife was suffering with a bad cough and severe pains in the chest, and totally unable to attend to her ordinary duties. She was advised to try Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and, after taking a few doses, was restored to perfect health, which she still enjoys. I also use it for piles, from which I have long suffered severely, and one dose (taken internally) has invariably given me relief.—JAMES BRADSHAW, Hopwood-street, Liverpool, Dec. 26, 1867.—To Perry Davis and Son."



VIEW OF ROUEN.



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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL, 1871.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND By Charles Cowden Clarke. I.—Introductory: Chaucer, &c.

A TROUT STREAM IN NORMANDY.

ARE WE REALLY SHOOTING NIAGARA? By George Smith.

THE FALL OF PARIS. A Diary of the Prussian Occupation of Versailles. By a British Resident.

THE AUSTRALIAN RACE. A Retrospect. By P. Aris Eagle.

THE CLAIRVOYANT. Chapters I. and II. From the German of Zschokke.

BURNS AT WORK. By Charles Pebody.

A SPRING PSALM. By Edward Capern.

A FLY FISHER'S FANCIES. By J. E.

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the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

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for 1871, being the New Year's Supplement to the "Gentleman's Magazine." A Companion to the Almanacs, an Appendix to all Annual Publications, the Gentleman's Annual is a complete History of the Year. It investigates the Progress of Literature, Politics, Fine Arts, Finance, Commerce, Agriculture, Sports and Pastimes during the 12 months ending 1870, and discusses the Prospects and Promises of 1871. The various papers are written by gentlemen accustomed to treat the general subjects upon which they write with authority, and the work is printed in clear type, and in the best manner.

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HELP FOR PARIS WORKMEN

COMMITTEE.

Blanchard Jerrold, Esq., Reform Club, and 160, Rue de Rome, Chairman.
Francis Fuller, Esq., 3, Whitehall Gardens, S.W.
Captain Lynch, C.B., 6, Rue Royale, Paris, and Athenæum Club.
T. Marsh Nelson, Esq., 150, Piccadilly.
Dr. James Rogers, President of the Poor Law Medical Officers' Association.
The Rev. Henry Solly, Grove House, Hampstead.
McCullagh Torrens, Esq., M.P., 49, St. George's Road, S.W.

The following statement of a plan by which we may extend a brotherly hand to the working men of Paris, and, at the same time, lay the foundations of a national institution that will extend incalculable benefits to the wage-classes of our own community, has been submitted to the employers and the employed of the Midlands by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, through the columns of the Illustrated Midland News:—

"I venture to set forth a plan I have arranged, whereby the working men of England may do a noble service to their suffering brethren of Paris, and at the same time lay, on a broad national scale, the foundations of an institution that will strike at the root of one of the causes of the widespread poverty by which society suffers. In 1863 I was engaged throughout the year in investigations of the condition of the Paris poor, and in an examination of the State and private machinery by which they were helped. In the course of my labours I came upon an institution, the object of which was to advance money to workmen. 'This institution,' it was stated in the prospectus, 'is established to help the intelligent and honest working man. Loans made to the worker when he is in distress reanimate his courage and make him thrifty. Unfortunately, probity, economical habits, industry, and moral guarantees, are often all the workman has to offer his employer. But these are not enough.' The object of the society was to afford material guarantees to the honest workman who has not got them. One special object of the society is to grant loans to workmen for the purchase of instruments, tools, or utensils, which are the first necessaries of their trade or of their home; and to give assistance to them in any temporary or accidental difficulty. The directors soon had proof that their plan would be attended with the happiest possible results. It bridged over many of the little difficulties which often destroy the career of working men. It kept workmen from the bureau of benevolence and the asylum, and directed them to the Savings Bank and the Mutual Benefit Society. I pass over the constitution of the society—to come at once to its spirit. When a working man applies for assistance, he must be supported by two witnesses, who will attest to his identity, and declare that he is a man of well-regulated life, and that he really needs assistance. These two witnesses must be intimate friends of the applicant, and inhabitants of the commune in which he dwells. The society is content to take their truth as witnesses for sole guarantee that the money lent will be returned. They are not asked to incur the least responsibility before the law. At the present time £20 (500 francs) is the maximum loan that is granted. The local committees can grant loans to the extent of £8 only. These loans, which are granted only to borrowers who have resided a year in the commune from which they address their demand, must be paid within three years, together with interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. But the time is extended in cases of illness or of departures on military duties. The repayments of the loans granted are made by the borrower through the savings banks. The children of defaulters and the heirs of a borrower who has died without having repaid his loan are not admitted to the benefits of the society until they have liquidated the unpaid debt.

"The advantages of a society like this are obvious; charity is here shown helping those who are most willing to help themselves. It cannot be said that the organisation of the society has the least tendency to pauperise the working classes. On the contrary, it helps only those workmen who are able to show that they lead a regular life, and who can bring two intimate friends to prove that their misfortunes are not the results of their vices. The dignity of the honest workman who has fallen into a difficulty is not hurt by the idea that he has become an object of charity, since he understands that the money the society advances him is to be repaid. He may, indeed, be proud of having obtained a loan, since it is a proof that the society has faith in his honour and that of his friends.

"Let me add that this society has thriven now in Paris for many years, and that although very large sums of money have been lent through it to workmen the loss is almost *nil*, while the fund has been constantly on the increase.

"But in the presence of the awful calamities which have paralysed Paris commerce, the society will not be able to afford the relief of timely loans to one in a hundred of those who will need them. I propose, then, that the employers and the employed of England shall at once raise a fund which shall, in the first instance, be distributed in loans to the necessitous working men of Paris and the Banlieue, under the regulations of the Paris Society; and that this fund, as it returns to England, shall be applied in establishing a National Loan to Labour Association, the object of which will be to rescue poor men from the tyrannies, temptations, and overwhelming exactions of the beershop and other loan societies, which are now one of the curses of the body social, and which help in a sensible degree to spread pauperism, by striking the wage-earner in the moment of misfortune.

"The Illustrated Midland News—circulating in the greatest centres of British industry—will carry this proposition where, I feel confident, it will be welcomed; and I hereby invite all who desire to co-operate in the work to address me at the Birmingham or London office of the paper.

"I have the honour to remain, Sir,
"Your faithful servant,
"Blanchard Jerrold.
"Reform Club, February 15, 1871."

On this proposition the Editor of the Illustrated Midland News made the following comments:—

"Most heartily do we commend Mr. Jerrold's suggestion to the attention of those to whom it is addressed. No Englishman is better acquainted with the life and habits and struggles of the working men of Paris than is the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this letter, and there are not many who have studied so long and so carefully the wants and aspirations of the English workman. We hear a good deal about the international co-operation of artisans for political purposes; here is an opportunity for imitating that social and material co-operation between the toilers of one nation and those of another, upon which will depend, much more than upon anything that can be done jointly in questions of governments and constitutions, the future well-being and well-doing of that class throughout Europe. It is a happy thing that such a movement should begin with the impulse of benevolence and sympathy, merging afterwards into an organisation in strict keeping with the movement that is making silent but rapid progress in this country, by whose machinery those who work are gradually gaining an interest in the capital employed in the trade and manufacture by which they earn their daily bread. We shall be very happy to be in any way the medium between Mr. Jerrold and the working classes of England in the carrying out of this admirable proposal.

A Committee is now in course of formation, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Jerrold, to carry out this help for Paris Workmen—that, in the end, will be solid, sustaining help for English Workmen also—in the shape of a

NATIONAL LOAN TO LABOUR ASSOCIATION.

Communications and subscriptions are earnestly requested, addressed to Mr. James Bradley, Secretary of the Help for Paris Workmen Fund, at the Offices of the Illustrated Newspaper—

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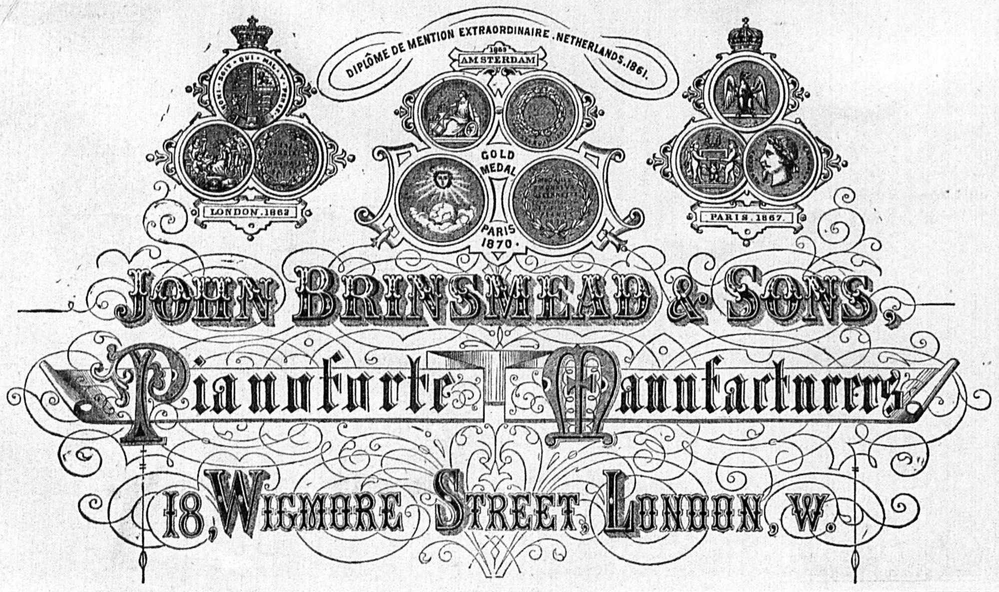

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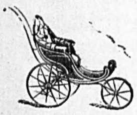

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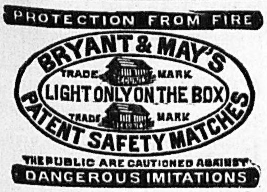

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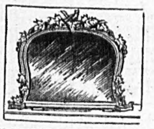

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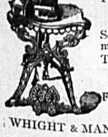

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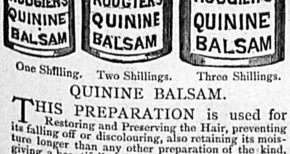

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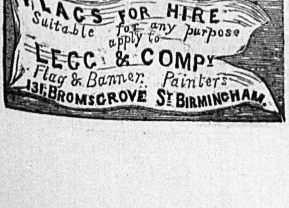

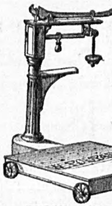

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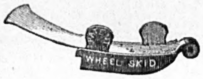

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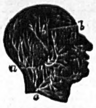

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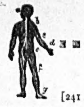

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A SULPHUR BATH

à la Turkey in your own room for One Penny, equal to what you must pay in London 5s. for. This valuable Preparation is distilled from the famous Sulphur Springs of Tivoli, Italy, celebrated throughout the world for their marvellous cures of all Skin Diseases, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervousness, &c.

The Preparation or the Waters it is obtained from, by great trouble and expense, have never been known to fail in relieving sufferers from any of the maladies mentioned. Persons of wealth and influence from all countries daily visit these Waters, and derive the benefit they desire.

The manufacturers of this marvellous, but truly genuine article, have, however, placed the same benefits before the million, who may obtain the same relief without leaving their houses or going to any expense. The celebrated Water of Tivoli can be used in your own room daily, in a more effective manner than by bathing in the waters, by adopting the Turkish system with the Concentrated Essence. It is in the reach of every one, for the cost of each bath is only one penny. A common size bath, and to follow the instructions contained in each parcel, are the only implements required. Try no complicated preparations but that of Nature, and you will do well. A quantity sufficient for 60 Baths sent for 5s., or 100 Baths for 8s., carriage paid, direct from the Sole Consignees in Great Britain, JACKSON, BELVIEW, AND Co., Central Chambers, South Castle Street, Liverpool, or most Chemists. Manufactured and prepared by GUISSEPPE MARTINO, Rue de Babeno, La Corso, Rome. [271

BEST SILKS ONLY.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL BLACK SILKS.

CHAPMAN'S
IMPERIAL
BLACK-SILKS
WARRANTED

The increasing demand for these unequalled goods and the testimonials continually received from all parts of the world have induced us to have our registered trade mark stamped upon each dress.

The prices vary from 3½ to 6 Guineas, the full Robe of 12 yards, and *We hold ourselves responsible for the wear of every such Dress bearing our name.*

MANUFACTURERS AND MERCERS, LONDON AND LYONS.

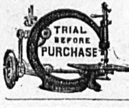
ESTABLISHED 1845.

LONDON ADDRESS FOR PATTERNS:
CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

We have at the present time several thousand pounds' worth of these unrivalled silks

MR. CHAPMAN'S BLACK SILKS.—"We have inspected some specimens of Mr. Chapman's (of Notting Hill) Imperial Black Silks, and have been much pleased with their colour and quality. They are made in a peculiar manner, the warp and woof being similar, which ensures durability. In fact, Mr. Chapman guarantees the wear of all the peculiar make of silk known as the Imperial. Our subscribers can only procure this make of silk from Mr. Chapman, as he has secured the entire production of the Lyons firm manufacturing the particular style of goods in question. The 'guarantee' speaks highly for the 'Imperial Silks.'"—*Queen, January* 7, 1871. [300

WILLCOX AND GIBBS'
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE

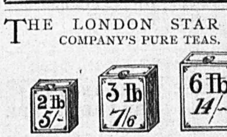


MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFINS, combining all the advantages of Wood Shell, and Lead and Oak Coffins can be obtained *at once* on application to the Head Office of the

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFIN COMPANY,
158, *GREAT CHARLES STREET,*
BIRMINGHAM.
Prices, &c., sent post free. [503

THE LONDON STAR TEA COMPANY'S PURE TEAS.

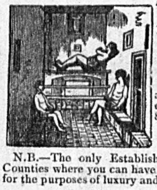


LOCK CANISTERS, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.
4B, WORCESTER ST., BIRMINGHAM. [183

JOHN NEILUS,

GENERAL DECORATOR,

5, *MOAT ROW,* *SMITHFIELD,*
BIRMINGHAM.
Dealer in all kinds of Paper Hangings. [127



TURKISH VAPOUR, SULPHUR, AND MEDICATED BATHS,
No. 14, *CRESCENT,*
CAMBRIDGE STREET,
BIRMINGHAM.

Open daily for Ladies and Gentlemen (Sundays excepted) from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m.

LIST OF TERMS ON APPLICATION.

N.B.—The only Establishment in the Midland Counties where you can have such a variety of Baths for the purposes of luxury and health.

JAMES MELLING, *Proprietor.*
MISS MELLING, *Superintendent of The Ladies' Department.* [909

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

[218

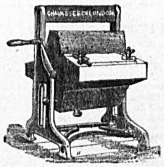
NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Established upwards of Half a Century.

MR. GABRIEL,
THE OLD-ESTABLISHED RESIDENT DENTIST,
Has Removed from 65, New-street, to
11, BENNETT'S HILL, 11,
(Next to the Bank of England,)
WHERE HE IS IN DAILY ATTENDANCE FROM 9 *a.m.*, UNTIL 6 *p.m.*
Single Teeth from 5s. Complete set from £5.
N.B.—Only one Visit required from Country Patients.

Notice particularly the Name and Address. [115

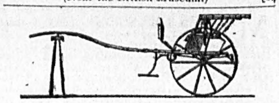
CHAVASSE AND CO.'S



AMERICAN "STAR" WASHING MACHINE.

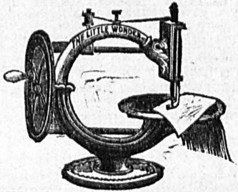
The finest Fabrics uninjured, WASHES IN EIGHT MINUTES, and with this STAR MACHINE it has been proved that a FORTNIGHT'S WASHING for SIX PERSONS can be completed at a COST OF ONLY 3d., half a pound each of Soap and Soda being all that is requisite. ECONOMICAL, therefore Valuable in every Household, small or large.

PRICES FROM £3 10s.
505, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
(Near the British Museum.) [64



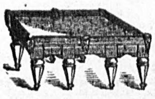
FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

SLATER & CO.'S
LITTLE WONDER LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.
BOTH SIDES ALIKE, £3 3s.



REDUCTION IN PRICE OF SEWING MACHINES, with all the latest Improvements. The Wheeler and Wilson's, £5 10s.; No. 2 Howe's, £6 10s.; No. 2 Thomas's, £7; Patching Machines, for Repairing Old Boots, or general work, £8. Any other make repaired or altered. Second-hand Machines, £2.—N.B. Slater and Co.'s Manufactory, 18 and 19, Edmund Street, near the Town Hall. [36

CHARLES ALLDRIDGE AND SON,



MANUFACTURERS OF BILLIARD TABLES, BAGATELLE TABLES.

Works & Show Room.
REGENT PARADE
CAROLINE ST.,
BIRMINGHAM.
[594

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate St., London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps. [277

THOMSON'S SPRING NOVELTIES.

CRINOLINES.—The new "*Duplex*" supplies, with the least possible weight, Tournure and Jupon in one. The "Self-Supporting, morning," Crinoline, a most ingenious invention. It will be found to support the dress and retain its own position to absolute perfection. The "Royal Train, evening," Crinoline is a clever adaptation of the self-supporting principle, with the adaptation of a Train, invaluable for evening dresses.

THOMSON'S

CORSETS.—The "*Glove Fitting*" still further improved this Season, their shape and finish being perfected on Steam Models, they are now faultless in design and manufacture. Although made in many qualities, accurate fit in all is obtained; and, as they do not stretch in wear, their superior shape is permanently preserved.

THOMSON'S

CORSETS.—The "*Curvilinear.*" An entirely new model of Corset, fitting closer to the waist, yet affording much freer scope for the play and movement of the chest, lungs, and hips than any Corset ever before invented. In material and manufacture, this Corset is of the finest quality.

THOMSON'S

CORSET BUSKS.—The "*Unbreakable.*" By the new patented principle, no perforation of the steel is necessary, thus allowing of a much finer temper, and entirely obviating the risk of the usual breakage.

THOMSON'S

COSTUMES AND PALETOTS.—*For the Spring Season.* In the production of these goods, W. S. THOMSON and Co. have enlisted the aid of the first Authorities and Artistes. Ladies are therefore assured of finding in them the latest embodiment of high taste. Every garment made of superior material, specially manufactured for it, cut and finished in a style never before offered to the general Public at anything like reasonable prices.

The Name and Trade Mark (*a Crown*), stamped on every genuine article, form the only security.

THOMSON'S SPRING NOVELTIES.

THE NEW SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTE.

CHARLES RUSSELL

Begs especial attention to these elegant little INSTRUMENTS, which are unsurpassed for Beauty of Tone and Elasticity of Touch. They have the Patent Repetition Action, are Full Trichord Compass, Seven Octaves. Length is only 5ft. 10in.

BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM. [296

MECHI'S DRESSING BAGS and Dressing Cases, Despatch Boxes, Tourists' Writing Cases, Jewel Cases, Writing Desks, Parisian productions, Library Sets in Mediæval and Leather, Albums, Cases of fine Cutlery, Scissors, Razors, Table Knives, the Magic Razor Strop and Paste.—At MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street, W. Illustrated Catalogues post free. Established 1827. City prices charged for cash. N.B.—Mr. Mechi attends personally, daily, assisted by his Son. [249

CHARLES REEVES,

SWORD CUTLER, &c.,
20, *GEORGE STREET, PARADE,*
BIRMINGHAM. [103

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES (formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c.,
Liverpool. [797

THE GREAT CENTRAL STEAM POWER DYEING AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT.

Principal Depot: Oriel House, Bull Street, Birmingham.
Works: 121, Great Charles Street, Birmingham.
Branch Office: Darlington Street, Wolverhampton.
JOSEPH HARRIS, Proprietor.

The above are the largest and most complete Dye Works in the Midland Counties. [445

MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.

Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.—The approach of spring indicates the necessity of medicine to purify the blood and strengthen the system against the effects of change of weather and the advent of summer. KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS being composed of vegetable matter, chiefly acting on the fluids, will be found the best spring medicine that can be used.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. [317

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

EPILEPSY or EPILEPTIC FITS.—W. and J. TAYLOR'S celebrated ANTI-EPILEPTIC MEDICINE effects a speedy and permanent cure of this dreadful disease. It is perfectly harmless, and has a wonderful power of soothing and allaying that irritation and excitement so incidental to epileptics. Bottles, 3s. 6d. each.—W. & J. Taylor, 74, Brunswick Street, Hackney Road, London, E.; or by order of any chemist. [250

ACCIDENTS CAUSE LOSS OF LIFE.
Accidents cause Loss of Time.
ACCIDENTS CAUSE LOSS OF MONEY.

PROVIDE AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS by Insuring with the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 5s. insures £1,000 at Death, or an allowance at the rate of £6 per week for Injury.

£565,000 have been paid as compensation,

ONE out of every TWELVE Annual Policy Holders becoming a claimant EACH YEAR. For particulars apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, to the Local Agents, or at the Offices,

64, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT ST., LONDON.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary. [223

URGENT APPEAL.—The WAR on the CONTINENT having now happily ENDED, the COMMITTEE of the ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE for INFANTS venture very earnestly to APPEAL on behalf of this charity, which is unable to meet the current expenses of the establishment. It has no funded property, but is dependent entirely upon voluntary support. No salaries are paid but to the household.

BANKERS—London and County Bank.
JOSEPH SOUL, Hon. Sec.
Office, 71, Cheapside, E.C.

Votes are given in proportion to contributions. [305

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS,
LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1782.

Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the world.
610] GEO. W. LOVELL, *Secretary.*

CAUTION.—BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES. The Public are respectfully Cautioned that BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES are being INFRINGED by importations from abroad. Bett's Name is upon every Capsule he makes for leading Merchants at home and abroad.

1, Wharf Road, City Road, London, April 8, 1868.
And Bordeaux, France. [252

ROTTON PARK RESERVOIR, EDGBASTON,

IS NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for

BOATING, &c.

Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.

265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

BUYERS of WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY, can have a Liberal Discount for Cash, at SWINDEN and SONS, 27, Temple Street, Birmingham. [956

SINGING!!!

'Twas all my fancy painted it,
'Twas lovely and did shine;
I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

BEST VALUE AND VARIETY EVER OFFERED.

GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSES,
101A and 70, NEW STREET. [846

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298

KAMPTULICON.

The best Floor Covering, clean, warm, and durable.
GOUGH & CO., Original Patentees.
Established 1843.
48, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C. [276

NATIONAL EMIGRATION AND COLONIAL LEAGUE,

120, *SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET.*

Information on Colonial Questions and advice to Emigrants may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Assisted passages under specified conditions may be received. [267

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.
BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.
212 & 213, *OXFORD STREET, LONDON.* [102

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
In use the last 70 Years for
BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
In use the last 70 Years for
LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—ISAIAH lv. i.

CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHIAL DISEASES, STOMACH, and LIVER COMPLAINTS,—CURED GRATIS!!

No money, stamps, or any equivalent whatever accepted. As effectually as water quenches thirst, so can these diseases be eradicated by the RECIPE which will be fowarded on the receipt of stamped envelope.—Address, Rev. J. D'ALMAINE, Bloomsbury House, Manchester. [247

INDIGESTION.—The Medical Profession adopt Morson's Preparation of PEPSINE as the true remedy.—Sold in bottles and boxes from 2s. by all Pharmaceutical Chemists and the Manufacturers.—THOS. MORSON & SON, 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London. [845

POST FREE.

TWELVE BEAUTIFUL VARIETIES OF FLOWER SEEDS for the OPEN GARDEN and POT CULTURE. Including Double German Aster and Ten-Week Stocks, Balsam, Scarlet Linum, Mignonette, &c., with descriptive catalogue and amateur's guide, for 14 stamps.

"Extraordinary cheap packet."—*Lloyd's Weekly London News*, Feb. 18th, 1871.

"Will prove a boon to amateur gardeners and others."—*Weekly Times.*

"And will make the garden gay and beautiful at a trifling cost."—*News of the World.*

Address—DANIELS BROTHERS, Seed Growers, Eaton, Norwich. [297

NEXT of KIN (1871 ed.) Now ready, a Classified and Descriptive INDEX (of 20,000 names guaranteed) to Advertisements for next of Kin, Chancery Heirs, Legatees, &c., from 1700 to 1871, post free 32 stamps. Address, Mr. CULLMER, 17, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. [858

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.

MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,

SURGEON DENTIST
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of Bennett's-hill),

Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker.*

SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.

Only address, [40
16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

BREIDENBACH'S
MACASSARINE, 1s.
KALYDOR, for the Skin, 1s.
ODONTO, for the Teeth, 1s.
157B, Bond Street; 38, Lombard Street; and Chemists and Perfumers. [332

A GROSS of PRINTS, mostly coloured, for 3s. 6d.—A pleasing collection of 144 various, chiefly Chromos and coloured Lithographs, useful for screens, scrap books, &c. Free by return for stamps.—J. REYNOLDS, 174, Strand. [327

W. AND F. WEBB,

BEDSTEAD, BEDDING, AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE
MANUFACTURERS & WAREHOUSEMEN.
7 and 8, CORN MARKET, WORCESTER.

N.B.—The new and spacious Show-rooms are now open. Inspection is invited. [782

DINING & LUNCHEON ROOMS.

THE STORES.
TOP OF NEW STREET
(Opposite the Town Hall),
BIRMINGHAM.
J. HILLMAN, Proprietor.

Gentlemen Dining at this Establishment will find every comfort that a large and well-fitted Dining Room can afford.

HOT JOINTS, FISH, SOUPS, &c.,
FROM TWELVE TILL FOUR.

Ales and Dublin Stout of the finest quality. Wines and Spirits of the best brands. [209

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MISS DRAPER, BERLIN AND FANCY REPOSITORY, from 24, BENNETT'S HILL, to 81, NEW STREET, OPPOSITE THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. [131

Agent for Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

WATKIN'S TOILET CLUB, 6, Union Street, Birmingham.—Hair Cutting and Shampooing, 6d. Particular attention paid to the Hair Cutting. Clean Brushes and Towels. A large Stock of Head-dresses, Plaits, Wigs, Braids, Fronts, etc., to select from. Orders taken are executed on the shortest notice; great care taken in matching the colour. Pomades, Lime Juice, Perfumes, Sponges, Combs, and Brushes in stock at the lowest price. N.B.—A large quantity of Perfume Fountains from 1d. to 1s. [95

THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, 9, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, London, appoint Agents in every Town for the sale of their Teas. A good living may be made by this Agency. Apply for Prospectus as above. [853

CHRISTIAN'S

TARAXACUM OR DANDELION CHOCOLATE.

Prepared from the pure inspissated Juice of the Dandelion Root, combined with Chocolate.

A most agreeable Article of Diet for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable to persons predisposed to Affections of the Liver, Spasms, Flatulency, Weak Digestion, or General Debility.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

Packets, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Prepared only at
CHRISTIAN'S,
NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM. [711

ESTABLISHED 1802.

R. SYSON,

HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRT MAKER, AND LADIES' OUTFITTER.
85, *NEW STREET*
(OPPOSITE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS),
190] BIRMINGHAM.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

BY the sale of THE FREE TRADE TEA COMPANY'S TEAS (no licence required). Agents wanted in every locality; very liberal terms. Goods first quality. Full particulars on application by letter to the Company, 43, Packington Street, London, N. [261

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1807. (FOR LIVES ONLY.)
79, PALL MALL, LONDON.
Actuary and Secretary:
GEORGE HUMPHREYS, Esq., M.A.

Annual Income...£528,[illegible]8
Invested Funds..£3,247,686
(Bearing an average Interest of 4½ per cent.)

FURTHER SECURITY—A Subscribed Capital of upwards of a Million and a Half Sterling.

The Expenses of Management are under 3 per Cent.

NEXT DIVISION OF SURPLUS IN 1872. [263

MONEY.—From £100 to £3,000, various Sums, to be immediately ADVANCED on approved Freehold or Leasehold Secucities.—Apply to Mr. JOHN BARNSLEY. Offices next the Queen's College, 36, Paradise Street, Birmingham. [886

MONEY LENT for Three Years, repayable quarterly, on approved Personal Security. THE FULL SUM ADVANCED.—Apply (if by letter with four stamps) to JAMES BA[illegible], Minories, Birmingham. [827

CONCERTINAS FROM £1 11s. 6d. All separately fitted double-screwed not[illegible]. List free. [[illegible]2

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FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig, the Inventor's, Signature, on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness. [234

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